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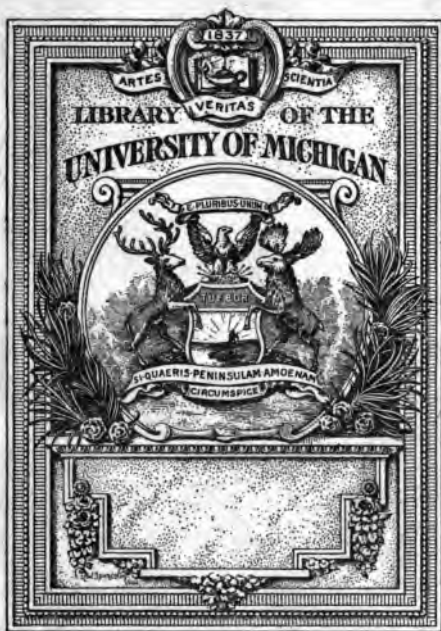
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POET'S WALK

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !

W. Wordsworth.

PORTS WALE

AN ALPHABETIC LIST OF PORTS

1887

OF THE

WATERWAYS OF WALES



THE

PUBLISHED BY THE

1887

THE

POET'S WALK

AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH POETRY

73357

CHOSEN AND ARRANGED

BY

MOWBRAY MORRIS



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TO ETON
FROM
AN OLD ETONIAN

PREFACE

I CAME the other day upon a volume of poetry, the gift, as the inscription ran, of an Eton tutor to a pupil 'who was fond of poetry, and was expected to gain some wisdom from this, the best kind of reading.' There are not many things one would sooner hear a boy, in whom one was interested, praised for than a love of poetry ; though one would wish also, of course, that he should find from his reading so much at least of wisdom as, with honest Dogberry, to 'give God thanks and make no boast of it.' But as I wondered, for I had known something of the boy, whether the promise thus foreshadowed had been or was ever to be realised, I began to ask myself why it was that this fondness for poetry should be so rare a quality in boyhood as to deserve this particular record. Let me here be permitted to waive the possibility,—the probability, if my reader pleases—that in this quality the tutor found the only occasion for the meed of praise which his good nature prompted him to bestow on a departing pupil. I could not, then, but ask myself whence it comes that by so many boys, not otherwise unintelligent nor averse to books, the reading of English poetry is regarded rather as a task than a pleasure ; a task less irksome, to be sure,

from the more familiar form of the language, than their more orthodox studies of the Greek and Latin writers, but, none the less surely, a task. I suppose this is so ; at least one continually hears it said, and what one continually hears said must count, of course, for something ; not for so much, perhaps, as many of us are apt to think, but no doubt for something.

But are we then to lay the blame for this wholly on the emptiness or indolence of boyish minds? Might we not refer it a little also to the form in which poetry is too commonly offered or prescribed to them? Take, for example, the custom, familiar doubtless to so many of us, which insists that some breach of school discipline, not grave enough for the last penalty, shall be repaired by transcribing long passages from *Paradise Lost*. Is this, I would ask,—would ask indeed

With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,

for far be it from me to dash violently against the seat of order—is this the way to endear the name of Milton to boys, or induce them to search for pleasure those pages which have cost them, however justly, so many hours of playtime? Offences will come, no doubt, and must be punished, certainly ; but could not some other means of punishment be devised, not less effectual, and, if I may be permitted the expression, more legitimate ; means recognised and allowed by the offenders themselves to exist as 'instruments to plague them'? The Furies of the old world were no fair and loveable creatures, but hateful and odious to look upon, as

well as strong and terrible to punish. The associations of boyhood last long, nor is it every one who has the candour to say with Byron,

Then farewell Horace whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine.

Again, the compulsory learning of a speech from Shakespeare, a passage from *Childe Harold* or *Marmion*, is hardly, I would submit, the way with most boys to open their young minds to the true beauty and usefulness of poetry, for the simple reason, unworthy as that reason may be, that it *is* compulsory. It may be said, of course, that with the majority of boys compulsion is the only method of directing them to such studies. If this be so,—and I cannot think that it is, to the extent that is commonly supposed—then were it not perhaps as well to let these studies be, to let compulsion be exercised only on such subjects as we are all agreed to consider necessary and indispensable civilisers of the young idea? As an exercise of memory such a course of study is no doubt very wholesome ; and certainly it is better that the memory should be exercised by beautiful and noble means than by common ones or worthless. But as certainly, save in very exceptional cases, the poetry suffers ; the poetic patrimony of the human race, to borrow M. Scherer's fine phrase, is degraded to a mere 'schoolboy's tale,' not the wonder, but the tediousness, the drudgery of an hour. There are exceptions, of course. Some boys, no doubt, there are who have, as one may say, been 'cradled into poetry by wrong,' have survived the grim ordeal,

and directness, simplicity of rhyme, are the first qualities to look for. Even intelligibility is, up to a certain point, a matter of secondary importance. For what their little intellects can really take hold of and entertain must necessarily be so very small and fragmentary, that to ensure perfect intelligibility, intelligibility of the very letter, one would have to narrow one's range almost to the limits of nothingness. One of the most fertile and eloquent of living poets has made public proclamation of his faith, that 'metre is the crowning question of poetry.' Perhaps some of us are still hardly ready to accept this as the last word on the matter, but with children it is certainly so.

Whence then arises, and how is perfected the process of disillusion? How comes it that the pleasure, welcomed so freely and gladly in our infancy, too often sinks, as our faculties enlarge and our eyes grow clearer, into an odious and insipid task? It arises in the first place, no doubt, from the causes already mentioned; but it is also perhaps fostered by a certain narrowness and infelicity of method that one too often finds employed even by those who have the wit to see that poetry should be gently offered, not violently thrust upon the young.

In the course of English education poetry is, as the French schoolmasters say, not an obligatory but a facultative matter. In the case of a boy to be specially prepared for a soldier's life some course of poetic reading,—I know not clearly what or why—is, I believe, prescribed. But as a general rule, one may, I think, take it that when a boy has left

the ballad-days of nurse or mother behind him, and passed through his preliminary training into the little world of the public school, unless it be his lot to figure in those austere ceremonies known as Speech-days, or unless it be for punishment, he need never, save of his own free-will, take a volume of English poetry into his hand from the first day of his school-time to the last. Yet we may also, I think, take it, that it rarely happens but at some period of that time the advantages of such reading are sought to be impressed on him either at home or abroad.

And since one can hardly expect a boy, however eager his desire, to devote many hours of his playtime to a search through the vast storehouse of English poetry, nor indeed would such a form of industry be in all ways desirable, even though he should be gifted with a taste and discrimination beyond his years, it follows that the best way to induce him to prove for himself how real and various are the pleasures poetry is capable of providing, must be to place within his reach such examples as may assure him of this fact, and at the same time fit him by wholesome and gradual degrees to study and select for himself.

To this good purpose much admirable work has within recent years been done. The days of *Elegant Extracts*, those grim and barren days which many of us can still remember, have passed away. 'The gentle yet certain method of allure-ment to the paths of learning and virtue' which the compiler of those ponderous tomes so justly claimed for poetry, no longer finds expression in

dreary tracts of lumbering blank verse from Young's *Night Thoughts* and Blair's *Grave*, in odes on the *Recovery of a Lady of Quality from the Small-pox*, in Mrs. Smith's sonnets to Night, or Miss Williams's sonnets to the Moon. The appearance of Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics* inaugurated a new and happier era. And this has been followed by other volumes, less complete and lofty in their aim, but each after its kind enlarging and stimulating in its influence. With so much that is excellent to choose from it may at first sight appear idle to suppose there can be room for yet another work of the same class; but I would hope that it is not so. Admirable as in their various degrees those earlier works are, they yet none of them seem to me exactly to hit the mark at which I would aim. · *The Golden Treasury* one may set aside; that stands alone and unrivalled of its kind, a kind altogether of another and a higher class. But of the others, they none of them, I say, seem to me just to hit the mean of boyhood, that time so difficult to understand, so difficult to define, when the boy has thrown aside the frock of childhood, nor yet quite assumed the *toga* of the man. In these books there is much admirably adapted to the fancies of that time, but mingled with it, and thereby in a measure obstructing it, there is much, and perhaps necessarily much, that might, I think, repel that fancy, that might blind it to the good that is also there. Some of them, as their names imply, are mainly designed for readers of a tenderer, some, again, for readers of a riper growth. Some, therefore, by their baldness (if I

may be suffered to use in no discourteous sense a word that might be so construed) might perhaps offend, as presuming still too much of childishness in the reader ; others, by their too great seriousness or abstruseness might weary. Sometimes, too, one meets in them,—let me be understood to speak in all reverence—pieces of perhaps too purely devotional a turn to attract the class of tastes I aim at. True, as Longfellow has written, ‘ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,’ and he would be a bold man indeed who should think to bend that will and keep it to his own in such a matter as this, to assume the voice of Sir Oracle, and fix once for all what poetry will attract and what repel a boy’s taste. Yet certain broad principles one may, I hope, lay down without presumption, and to strive to clear the ground of such work as may seem opposed to these principles may perhaps be permitted me.

Poetry must first please to teach. ‘ Sin,’ once said Sydney Smith of long sermons, ‘ cannot be taken out of a man, as Eve was out of Adam, by casting him into a deep slumber ;’ nor can the love of poetry be got into a boy by wearying his head and vexing his heart. The love of poetry must indeed, no less surely than the poet himself, be born not made ; but, as much goes to the making of the poet after birth, so the infant love needs careful nursing and a generous diet before it can attain to the perfect growth, to the clear sense and deep enjoyment of what is truly excellent, which should be, as Matthew Arnold tells us, the definite purpose of our studies. The Muse must first become our friend if we are to find her, as find her

we so surely shall if we use her friendship right
our philosopher and guide. I do not say it is
desirable that boys should look on poets only as

The idle singers of an empty day,
that they should have no higher ideal than

To find huge wealth in one pound one,
Vast wit in broken noses.

But he who would preach the beautiful gospel of
poetry to the young must, as Mr. Arnold has said
of teachers in an older school, not make war but
persuade. Of the two cardinal virtues of poetry,
moral profundity and *natural magic*,—to borrow
once more from that admirable critic—he will do
best, I think, to build his doctrine mainly on the
last. With all its truth that other phrase of Mr.
Arnold's, a *criticism of life*, seems so strangely to
have puzzled older heads than grow on school-
boys' shoulders, that he who preaches to them will
do wisely perhaps to put it by for the time. Let
him then not take as his text,

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither ;
Ripeness is all—

but rather the

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty—

or,

I saw young Harry, with his beaver on—

not,

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers,

but rather

I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending.

Nature,' wrote Sir Philip Sidney, 'never set the Earth in so rich tapestry as diverse poets have done ; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever may make the Earth more lovely.' And again—who does not remember it?—'I never heard the old song of *Percie and Douglas*, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet !' Those who wish to see their boys fond of poetry will do well, I think, to bear in mind these words ; to set before them not what shall burden their young imaginations with

the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,

but rather gladden them with

Joy in widest commonalty spread.

Many things go to the making of a world, and many moods to the making of a poet. 'To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.' The poet of *Paradise Lost* was also the poet of *L'Allegro* ; he could sing of

Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men,

and he could sing too of

Many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade.

As many moods, too, one may say, go to the making of a reader, whatever his age or condition. He is not always in the vein for the sound of the trumpet ; sometimes *Il Penseroso* will be more to his taste than *L'Allegro* ; and though, as Shakespeare sings, 'Youth is full of pleasance,' and

should be, yet he too knows that it is not always May. I have tried to find something to mate with every mood. That my performance will be found equal to my promise, which so rarely happens even to the best of us, I may hardly dare to hope. To frame an ideal is so easy, to realise it so hard; and some of my young readers may complain that I have not kept so strictly as I should to my own principles, that I have omitted pieces their own tastes would have selected, and included some they would have discarded,—for I would not have it thought that I suppose them incapable of any discretion of their own in these matters. It may be that my own youth lies too far behind me to let me recapture all the enchanting fragrance of

The coronals of that forgotten time.

The form, again,—and this also has been part of my design, for, not only with young readers, will the book which is easiest to hold in the hand be perhaps most often found there—the form, I say, of my little volume has necessarily restricted me. Yet the restriction has not been without its advantages. So vast and various is the wealth of English poetry, that picking and choosing is hard work indeed. Poem after poem comes before one, favourites of one's own boyhood, favourites of one's manhood, here a stanza one has not the heart to set aside, there a thought one dare not miss, till one may well cry with Macbeth, 'What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?' Nor, though I shall be glad to think that there is nothing here that is not after its kind good, may I dare to claim with Mr. Palgrave that

my little collection includes nothing beside the best. But the tastes of boys are, as I have said, as various in their degree as are the tastes of men, and some of them at least let me hope I have been so fortunate as to hit. And if for love of any good and beautiful thing he may find herein one reader may be moved to turn for further pleasure to the great fountain-heads from which these streams are drawn, I shall feel my pleasant labour has not been in vain.

I should be glad to think this little 'posy of other men's flowers' may find its way to the hands of other than Eton boys, and it may be even into the hands of those who, as Dryden says, 'are but children of a larger growth.' One of the best criterions of a book for boys is, it has always seemed to me, that their elders also should be able to taste it. Think, for example, of *Robinson Crusoe*, of *Masterman Ready*, of *Tom Brown's School-Days*, of *Treasure-Island*, of *The Jungle-Book*, and of one which should surely take its place in the list, of Mr. John Fortescue's charming *Story of a Red Deer*,—a story which Charles Kingsley's self might have signed—is there a grey-beard who could not find his pleasure in these and in others of like quality which boys have made their own? Yet to Eton I have wished to dedicate it in grateful memory of that beautiful place. Despite the inevitable change that everywhere must come when the old order shall have done its appointed work, the memory of Eton must still be nourished with peculiar fondness by all who have ever been under the spell of her enchantments. Those venerable buildings so lovingly touched by Time, those in-

comparable playing-fields shaded by their immemorial elms, and kissed by 'the silver-winding' river, will still stand undimmed and unforgotten, when the memory of many a more famous, many a more splendid scene has passed away. No son of Eton need be shamed to record, though never so poorly, his love for that beautiful and kindly mother. To her then I dedicate this little offering, to her and to those whom now she holds under her gentle charge ; hoping only that they may receive it with the spirit in which it is made, not as one more contribution to the eternal tale of lessons, not as an unbidden intruder on the lawful pleasures of their play-time, but as a companion and a friend anxious and, I hope, able to stir them

Not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years.

Cricket and football, the river, the fives-court, and the running-ground, are, in their own degrees, a necessary and a wholesome part of education ; the hours passed in the playing-fields should go hand in hand with those of pupil-room and class-time if our schools are to be all that they should and can be. Yet sometimes a relaxation from the more tumultuous pleasures of boyhood is not disdained. A rainy holiday, a sprained ankle, or some other of those lesser ills that boy's flesh is heir to, may paint the solitude of his own little room, the 'warm precincts' of a cheerful fire and a Windsor chair in no ungracious colours. Then, if haply curiosity, or a love of change, may turn him for a moment from

the more stirring society of Walter Scott or Marryatt or some other favourite of the hour, to the sober little volume I now offer him, and if some kindlier and deeper feeling may keep it for awhile in his hands, may bring it back to them once and again, my task will be done—it will be done if, in the school that still among its traditions keeps green the memory of Poet's Walk, it has encouraged in one boy a fondness for poetry, and led him *to gain some wisdom from this, the best kind of reading.*

It is impossible for me to record by name all those to whose courtesy I am indebted for the composition of my fourth book. But to my friends the Messrs. Macmillan I must acknowledge my particular debt, for without their kindness this new, and, I trust, improved edition of my little volume had never seen the light.

1898.

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POET'S WALK

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Book the First

I

A MORNING SONG

(*Cymbeline.*)

HARK, hark ! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes :
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise :
Arise, arise.

William Shakespeare.

2

A GREETING

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome, day,
With night we banish sorrow ;
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, larks, aloft
To give my Love good-morrow !
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my Love good-morrow !
To give my Love good-morrow,
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

E

3,

B

Wake from thy nest, Robin Redbreast,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow ;
 And from each hill let music shrill
 Give my fair Love good-morrow !
 Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
 Sing my fair Love good-morrow !
 To give my Love good-morrow
 Sing, birds, in every furrow !

Thomas Heywood.

3

THE CONSOLATIONS OF POETRY

(The Shepherd's Hunting.)

SHE doth tell me where to borrow
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;
 Makes the desolatest place
 To her presence be a grace ;
 And the blackest discontents
 Be her fairest ornaments.
 In my former days of bliss
 Her divine skill taught me this,
 That from everything I saw
 I could some invention draw,
 And raise pleasure to her height
 Through the meanest object's sight.
 By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least bough's rusteling,
 By a daisy, whose leaves spread
 Shut when Titan goes to bed,
 Or a shady bush or tree,
 She could more infuse in me,
 Than all Nature's beauties can
 In some other wiser man.

By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull lonesness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made ;
The strange music of the waves
Beating on these hollow caves ;
This black den, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss ;
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight ;
This my chamber of neglect,
Walled about with disrespect :
From all these and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesie, thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent,
Though they as a trifle leave thee
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee ;
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born ;
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee.
Though our wise ones call thee madness,
Let me never taste of sadness,
If I love not thy maddest fits
Above all their greatest wits.
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What makes knaves and fools of them.

George Wither.

*FAIRYLAND**(The Faery Queen.)*

RIGHT well I wot, most mighty Sovereign,
That all this famous antique history
Of some the abundance of an idle brain
Will judgèd be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of just memory :
Since none that breatheth living air doth know
Where is that happy land of Faery
Which I so much do vaunt, but nowhere show,
But vouch antiquities, which nobody can know.

But let that man with better sense advise
That of the world least part to us is read,
And daily how through hardy enterprise
Many great regions are discoverèd
Which to late age were never mentionèd.
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru ?
Or who in venturous vessel measurèd
The Amazons' huge river, now found true ?
Or fruitfulest Virginia who did ever view ?

Yet all these were when no man did them know,
Yea, have from wisest ages hidden been ;
And later times things more unknown shall show
Why then should witless man so much misween
That nothing is but that which he hath seen ?
What if within the moon's fair shining sphere,
What if in every other star unseen,
Of other worlds he happily should hear ?
He wonder would much more ; yet such to sorrow
appear.

Edmund Spenser.

5

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME, live with me, and be my love ;
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps, and amber-studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe,

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
Those pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb ;
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields :
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed ;
Had joys no date, nor age no need ;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

7

THE MANLY HEART

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well disposed nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of Best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that bears a noble mind
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do
Who without them dares her woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
 I will never more despair ;
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die ere she shall grieve ;
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn and let her go ;
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be ?

George Wither.

8

TRUE BEAUTY

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires ;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never dying fires.—
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

Thomas Carew.

9

THE COUNTRY LIFE

SWEET country life, to such unknown,
 Whose lives are others', not their own,
 But serving courts and cities, be
 Less happy, less enjoying thee !
 Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
 To seek and bring rough pepper home ;

Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove ;
Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.
No, thy ambition's master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece ;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year ;
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds ;
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock (the ploughman's horn)
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn ;
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which though well soiled, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them,
And cheer'st them up, by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to th' enamelled meads
Thou go'st ; and as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present God-like power
Imprinted in each herb and flower ;
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
Unto the dew-laps up in meat ;
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool ;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.

For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
 Thou hast thy eves, and holydays ;
 On which the young men and maids meet,
 To exercise their dancing feet :
 Tripping the comely country Round,
 With daffodils and daisies crowned.
 Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,
 Thy May-poles too with garlands graced ;
 Thy morris-dance ; thy Whitsun-ale ;
 Thy shearing-feast, which never fail ;
 Thy harvest home ; thy wassail bowl,
 That's tossed up after fox-i'-th'-hole :
 Thy mummeries ; thy Twelve-tide kings
 And queens ; thy Christmas revellings :
 Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
 And no man pays too dear for it.—
 To these, thou hast thy times to go
 And trace the hare i'th' treacherous snow ;
 Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
 The lark into the trammel net ;
 Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade
 To take the precious pheasant made ;
 Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls then
 To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
 —Oh happy life ! if that their good
 The husbandmen but understood !
 Who all the day themselves do please,
 And younglings, with such sports as these ;
 And lying down, have nought t' affright
 Sweet Sleep, that makes more short the nig

Robert He

TRUE FRIENDSHIP AND FALSE

As it fell upon a day
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,

Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
' Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry ;
' Teru, teru ! ' by and by ;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain !
None takes pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee ;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee ;
King Pandion he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapped in lead ;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want,
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
' Pity but he were a king ; '—
But if Fortune once do frown,

Then farewell his great renown ;
 They that fawned on him before
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need :
 If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep ;
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

Richard Barnfield.

II

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN

(Hamlet.)

—THERE, my blessing with thee !
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
 Bear't that th' opposèd may beware of thee.
 Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice :
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment,
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are of a most select and generous sheaf in that.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;

For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all : to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

William Shakespearè.

12

THE ASSEMBLING OF THE HOSTS OF HELL

(Paradise Lost.)

ALL these and more came flocking ; but with
looks
Downcast and damp ; yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their
Chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself : which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.
Then straight commands, that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall :
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign ; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen

Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving : with them rose
A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders, such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixèd thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil. And now
Advanced in view they stand ; a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impose. He through the armèd files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods ;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories ; for never, since created man,
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes ; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods ; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights ;
And all who since, baptised or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,

Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander. He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured ; as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel ; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek ; but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain ;
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt ; yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered ; as when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers : attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth : at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

John Milton.

13

*ENGLAND'S DANGER**(Richard the Second.)*

HIS rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are
 short ;

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessèd plot, this earth, this realm, this
 England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 For Christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessèd Mary's Son,
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm.
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

William Shakespeare.

14

THE TRIUMPH OF BOLINGBROKE

(Richard the Second.)

THEN, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee, Boling-
broke !'

You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke !'
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus : 'I thank you, countrymen :'
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard ; no man cried 'God save
him !'
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :

But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

William Shakespeare.

PRINCE HENRY

(Henry the Fourth.)

Hotspur. HE shall be welcome too. Where is
his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

Vernon. All furnished, all in arms ;
All plumed, like estridges that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed ;
Glittering in golden coats, like images ;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

William Shakespeare.

16

SIR PATRICK SPENS

THE King sits in Dumfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine ;
'Oh whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship of mine !'

Oh up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the King's right knee,—
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sailed the sea.'

Our King has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem ;
'The King's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he ;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

'Oh wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the King o' me,
To send us out, at this time of year,
To sail upon the sea ?

'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem ;
The King's daughter of Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'

' Make ready, make ready, my merry men a' !
Our gude ship sails the morn !'
' Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm !

' I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm ;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew lou
And gurlly grew the sea.

Oh laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heeled shoon !
But long or a' the play was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

Oh lang, lang may the ladies sit
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair
Awaiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see na mair !

Half o'er, half o'er to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathom deep ;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

Unknown

17

LYCIDAS

(Elegy on a Friend drowned in the Irish Channel.)

YET once more, oh ye laurels, and once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
 Compels me to disturb your season due :
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse :
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destined urn ;
 And as he passes, turn
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering
 wheel.

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But, oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn :
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays :—
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless
 deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream :
Ay me ! I fondly dream—
Had ye been there—for what could that have
 done ?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use;
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

Oh fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood!
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He asked the waves and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory.
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotadès their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panopè with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

* * * * *

Return, Alphæus ; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks ;
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise :
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away,—where'er thy bones are hurled,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold,
—Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
—And, oh ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth !

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor :
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head

Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland 25

And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear night of Him that walked the
waves ;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and
rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray ;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills ;
And now was dropt into the western bay :
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

John Milton.

*ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM
IRELAND*

THE forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
 Removing from the wall
 The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
 But through adventurous war
 Urgèd his active star :

And like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
 Did thorough his own side
 His fiery way divide :

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy ;
 And with such, to enclose
 Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went
And palaces and temples rent ;
 And Cæsar's head at last
 Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry Heaven's flame ;
 And if we would speak true,
 Much to the man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere,
 (As if his highest plot
 To plant the bergamot,)

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of time,
 And cast the kingdoms old
 Into another mould.

Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland 27

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain—
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art,

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case;

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn;
While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;

Nor called the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

—This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd power:
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed ;
So much one man can do
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just
And fit for highest trust ;

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand—
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame, to make it theirs :

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the Public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

—What may not then our Isle presume
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year ?

As Cæsar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all States not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-coloured mind,
But from this valour sad
Shrink underneath the plaid—

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the War's and Fortune's son,
March indefatigably on,
And for the last effect
Still keep the sword erect :

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

Andrew Marvell.

ENGLAND ARMING FOR WAR

(Henry the Fifth.)

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies :
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man :
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With wingèd heels, as English Mercuries.

For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
Oh England ! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural !

William Shakespeare.

20

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That, from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

Richard Lovelace.

21

*SAINT CRISPIN'S DAY**(Henry the Fifth.)*

IF we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will ! I pray thee wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. Oh do not wish one
more !
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my
host
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian.'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages

What feats he did that day : then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be rememberèd,
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition :
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not
 here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

William Shakespeare.

22

KING HENRY'S PRAYER

(Henry the Fifth.)

OH God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts !
 Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
 The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, oh Lord,
 Oh not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown !
 I Richard's body have interrèd new ;
 And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
 Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a-day their withered hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built

Two chantries where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

William Shakespeare.

23

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French General lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
'Though they be one to ten,
 Be not amazèd ;
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raisèd.

'And for myself,' quoth he,
'This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

'Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell,
 No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French lilies.'

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanward led ;
With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen.
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there :
Heavens ! how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder :

That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake ;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
Oh noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces ;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,—
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloucester, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood
 With his brave brother,
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up ;
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry ;
 Oh when shall English men
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry ?

Michael Dravton.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY

THE fifteenth day of July,
 With glistening spear and shield,
 A famous fight in Flanders
 Was foughten in the field :
 The most courageous officers
 Were English captains three ;
 But the bravest man in battle
 Was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris,
A valiant man was he ;
The other captain, Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas, there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thousand then,
Upon the bloody shore.

‘ Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about ;
And shoot you right, you bow-men,
And we will keep them out ;
You musket and calliver-men,
Do you prove true to me ;
I’ll be the foremost man in fight,’
Says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail ;
The wounded men on both sides fell,
Most piteous for to see ;
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours to all men’s view
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more ;
And then upon dead horses
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water—
They could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneelèd on the ground,
And praisèd God devoutly
For the favour they had found ;

And, beating up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'rds the Spaniard,
A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly ;
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously ;
Which made the Spaniards waver,—
They thought it best to flee,
They feared the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then quoth the Spanish general :
' Come, let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoiled all
If here we longer stay ;
For yonder comes Lord Willoughby
With courage fierce and fell ;
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell.'

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight ;
Our men pursued couragiously,
And caught their forces quite ;
But at the last they gave a shout
Which echoed through the sky,—
' God and St. George for England !'
The conquerors did cry.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismayed ;
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foreign enemies,
And set our nation free.
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Unknown.

25

DEATH THE LEVELLER

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade,

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still :
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds :
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

James Shirley.

*TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND WHAT HE
HATH LEFT US*

—SOUL of the age !
 The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage !
 My Shakespeare rise ! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further, to make thee a room :
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,
 And art alive still while thy book doth live
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
 That I not mix thee so my brain excuses,
 I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses :
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
 From thence to honour thee I would not seek
 For names : but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
 And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come,
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe,
 He was not of an age, but for all time !
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,

Which were so richly spun and woven so fit
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all ; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion ; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame ;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn ;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou ! look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnèd and true filèd lines ;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James !
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there !
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned
like night,
And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

Ben Jonson,

27

UPON THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

SILENCE augmenteth grief, writing increaseth rage,
 Staled are my thoughts which loved and lost the
 wonder of our age ;
 Yet quickened now with fire, though dead with
 frost ere now,
 Enraged I write, I know not what, dead—quick—I
 know not how.

Hard-hearted minds relent, and Rigour's tears
 abound,
 And Envy strangely rues his end in whom no fault
 she found ;
 Knowledge her light hath lost, Valour hath slain
 her knight ;
 Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the
 world's delight.

Place pensive walls his fall whose presence was her
 pride ;
 Time crieth out, *My ebb is come,—his life was my*
 spring-tide !
 Fame mourns in that she lost the ground of her
 reports ;
 Each living wight laments his lack, and all in
 sundry sorts.

He was (woe worth that word !) to each well-
 thinking mind
 A spotless friend, a matchless man, whose virtue
 ever shined,
 Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he
 writ,
 Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest
 works of wit,

He only like himself was second unto none,
Where death, though life, we rue, and wrong, and
all in vain do moan ;
Their loss, not him, wail they, that fill the world
with cries ;
Death slew not him, but he made death his ladder
to the skies.

* * * * *

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking
dreams,
Farewell, sometimes enjoyed joy, eclipsèd are thy
beams,
Farewell, self-pleasing thoughts, which quietness
brings forth,
And farewell friendship's sacred league, uniting
minds of worth,

And farewell, merry heart, the gift of guiltless
minds,
And all sports which, for life's restore, variety
assigns ;
Yet all that sweet is void ; in me no mirth may
dwell ;
Philip, the cause of all this woe, my life's content,
farewell !

Lord Brooke.

TO THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE

REMEMBRANCE of that most heroic spirit,
The heaven's pride, the glory of our days,
Which now triumpheth (through immortal merit
Of his brave virtues,) crowned with lasting bays,
Of heavenly bliss and everlasting praise ;
Who first my Muse did lift out of the floor,
To sing his sweet delights in lowly lays ;

Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore
 His goodly image living evermore
 In the divine resemblance of your face ;
 Which with your virtues ye embellish more,
 And native beauty deck with heavenly grace ;
 For his, and for your own especial sake,
 Vouchsake from him this token in good worth to
 take.

Edmund Spenser.

29

EPITAPH ON THE SAME

UNDERNEATH this sable herse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;
 Death ! ere thou hast slain another,
 Learned, and fair, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Ben Jonson.

30

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

MORTALITY, behold and fear,
 What a change of flesh is here !
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within these heaps of stones ;
 Here they lie, trod realms and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their hands,
 Where from their pulpits sealed with dust
 They preach, ' In greatness is no trust.'
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest royallest seed
 That the earth did e'er suck in
 Since the first man died for sin ;

Here the bones of birth have cried
'Though gods they were, as men they died !'
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruined sides of kings :
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

Francis Beaumont.

31

L'ALLEGRO

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
unholy !
Find out some uncouth cell
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous
wings,
And the night-raven sings ;
There under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore :
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,

Filled her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with the
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine ;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,

The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures ;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied ;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry birds ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live long day-light fail :
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,

With stories told of many a feat,
How Fairy Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said ;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's leng
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout

Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

John Milton.

32

HYMN TO DIANA

QUEEN and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close :
Bless us then with wishèd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright !

Ben Jonson.

33

*SUNRISE**(The Faery Queen.)*

BY this the Northern Waggoner had set
His sevenfold team behind the steadfast star
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firm is fixed, and sendeth light from far
To all that in the wide deep wandering are ;
And cheerful chanticleer with his note shrill
Hath warnèd once, that Phœbus' fiery car
In haste was climbing up the eastern hill,
Full envious that Night so long his room did fill.

Edmund Spenser.

34

*MORNING SONG**(The Faithful Shepherdess.)*

SHEPHERDS, rise, and shake off sleep !
See the blushing morn doth peep
Through the windows, while the sun
To the mountain-tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field !
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day ;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay :
So unfold, and then away !

George Fletcher.

35

MAY-DAY

GET up, get up for shame ! the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air :
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since ; yet you not drest,
Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns : 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,—
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise ; and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the Spring-time, fresh and
green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair :
Fear not ; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you :
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept :
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in
praying :
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park

Made green, and trimmed with trees : see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough
 Or branch : each porch, each door, ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove ;
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street,
 And open fields, and we not see't ?
 Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May ;
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying ;
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
 Some have despatched their cakes and cream,
 Before that we have left to dream :
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted
 troth,
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
 Many a green-gown has been given ;
 Many a kiss, both odd and even :
 Many a glance too has been sent
 From out the eye, Love's firmament :
 Many a jest told of the keys betraying
 This night, and locks picked :—Yet we're not a-
 Maying.

—Come, let us go, while we are in our prime ;
 And take the harmless folly of the time !
 We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty.
 Our life is short ; and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun :—
 And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again :

So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying !

Robert Herrick.

36

THE FORESTER'S SONG

(As you Like It.)

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither :
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

William Shakespeare.

37

*A CRY OF HOUNDS**(A Midsummer Night's Dream.)*

Theseus. GO, one of you, find out the forester ;
 For now our observation is performed ;
 And since we have the vaward of the day,
 My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
 Uncouple in the western valley ; let them go :
 Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.

[Exit an attendant.]

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top
 And mark the musical confusion
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hippolyta. I was with Hercules and Cadmus
 once,

When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear
 With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear
 Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountains, every region near
 Seemed all one mutual cry : I never heard
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Theseus. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
 So flewed, so sanded, and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
 Crook-kneed, and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls ;
 Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
 Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn,
 In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly :
 Judge, when you hear.

William Shakespeare.

38

*EVENING SONG**(The Faithful Shepherdess.)*

SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is ;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads,
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead night from under ground ;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom :
Therefore, from such danger lock
Everyone his loved flock ;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away ;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease ;
Let one eye his watches keep
While the other eye doth sleep ;
So shall you good shepherds prove,
And for ever have the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence fall in numbers
On your eye-lids ! So, farewell !
Thus I end my evening's knell.

George Fletcher.

39

THE NIGHT-PIECE: TO JULIA

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
 The shooting stars attend thee ;
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o-th'-Wisp mis-light thee,
 Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee ;
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
 Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber ;
 What though the moon does slumber ?
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
 Thus, thus to come unto me ;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silvery feet,
 My soul I'll pour into thee.

Robert Herrick.

40

*SYLVIA**(The Two Gentlemen of Verona.)*

WHO is Silvia ? What is she,
 That all our swains commend her ?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

William Shakespeare.

41

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE

My dear and only Love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
But purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thy heart,
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe;

But 'gainst my batteries if I find
 Thou storm, or vex me sore,
 As if thou set me as a blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
 Where I should solely be,
 If others do pretend a part,
 Or dare to share with me ;
 Or committees if thou erect,
 Or go on such a score,
 I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
 And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
 Thy love and constant word,
 I'll make thee famous by my pen,
 And glorious by my sword.
 I'll serve thee in such noble ways
 As ne'er was known before ;
 I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
 And love thee more and more.

The Marquis of Montrose.

ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
 That poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light,
 You common people of the skies,
 What are you, when the moon shall rise ?

You curious chanterers of the wood
 That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents ; what's your praise
 When Philomel her voice doth raise ?

You violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own,—
 What are you, when the rose is blown?

So when my Mistress shall be seen
 In form and beauty of her mind,
 By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
 Tell me, if she were not designed
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

Sir Henry Wotton.

43

WINTER

(Love's Labour's Lost.)

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit,
 Tu-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit,
 Tu-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

William Shakespeare.

44

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

So now is come our joyfull'st feast,
Let every man be jolly ;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labour ;
Our lasses have provided them
A bag-pipe and a tabor.
Young men and maids and girls and boys
Give life to one another's joys,
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun,
Their hall of music soundeth ;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things here aboundeth.
The country folk themselves advance,
For Crowdy-mutton's come out of France,
And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Swash hath fetched his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel ;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With droppings of the barrel.
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

The wenches with their wassail-bowls
About the street are singing,
The boys are come to catch the owls,
The wild-mare in is bringing.
Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box,
And to the dealing of the ox
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Then wherefore in these merry days
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing our roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller :
And whilst thus inspired we sing
Let all the streets with echoes ring :
Woods, and hills, and everything
Bear witness we are merry.
George Wither.

45

IL PENSEROSO

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred !
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys !
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams ;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy !
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;

Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended ;
Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain.
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing :
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hist along,

'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that has been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,

Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine ;
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, oh sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower !
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek ;
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frownced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,

And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh.
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep.
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid ;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew,

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

John Milton.

46

FAIR HELEN

I WISH I were where Helen lies ;
Night and day on me she cries ;
Oh that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropped,
And died to succour me !

Oh think na but my heart was sair
When my Love dropped down and spak nae mair
I laid her down wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea ;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

Oh Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for ever mair
Until the day I die.

Oh that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, 'Haste and come to me !'

Oh Helen fair ! Oh Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave was growing green,
A winding-sheet, drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies:
Night and day on me she cries;
And I am weary of the skies,
Since my Love died for me.

Unknown.

47

FORSAKEN

OH waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn-side
Where I and my Love wont to gae !
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak,
Sae my true Love did lichtly me.

Oh waly waly, gin love be bonny
A little time while it is new;
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld
And fades awa' like morning dew.

Oh wherefore should I busk my head ?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true Love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed;
The sheets shall ne'er be prest by me:
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true Love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw
And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
Oh gentle Death, when wilt thou come ?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town
We were a comely sight to see;
My Love was clad in the black velvèt,
And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win;
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd
And pinned it with a siller pin.
And, oh, if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gane,
And the green grass growing over me !

Unknown.

48

TRUTH

TRUTH is the trial of itself,
And needs no other touch,
And purer than the purest gold,
Refine it ne'er so much.

It is the life and light of love,
The sun that ever shineth,
And spirit of that special grace
That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the word
That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to faith to tread
All falsehood under feet.

Ben Jonson.

49

THE SPIRIT'S SONG

(Comus.)

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours
Thither all their bounties bring.
There eternal Summer dwells,

And west winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound,
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced
Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done:
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

John Milton.

50

A DIRGE

Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finished joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

William Shakespeare.

51

LAST LINES

*(Verses believed to have been written in his Bible
the night before his execution, October 29, 1618.)*

EVEN such is time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust ;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,

When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days ;
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up I trust.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

52

THE WHITE ISLAND

IN this world, the Isle of Dreams,
 While we sit by sorrow's streams,
 Tears and terrors are our themes,
 Reciting :

But when once from hence we fly,
 More and more approaching nigh
 Unto young eternity,
 Uniting

In that whiter Island, where
 Things are evermore sincere;
 Candour here, and lustre there,
 Delighting:—

There no monstrous fancies shall
 Out of hell an horror call,
 To create, or cause at all
 Affrighting.

There, in calm and cooling sleep,
 We our eyes shall never steep,
 But eternal watch shall keep,
 Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue
 Me immortalized, and you;
 And fresh joys, as never too
 Have ending.

Robert Herrick.

Book the Second

53

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take :
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep amain
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the
 roar.

Oh Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey
Tempered to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crownèd Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures ;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet :
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach de-
clare :

Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay :
With arms sublime that float upon the air
In gliding state she wins her easy way :
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young desire and purple light of
love.

Man's feeble race what ills await !
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate !
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry
He gives to range the dreary sky :
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of
war.

In climes beyond the solar road
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,

She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish !
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around ;
Every shade and hallowed fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound :
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion, next, thy sea-encircled
coast !

Far from the sun and summer-gale
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
'This pencil take' (she said), 'whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy !
This can unlock the gates of joy ;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy
The secrets of the abyss to spy:

He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding
pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,

That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion

Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run

Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun:

Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate:
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the
Great.

Thomas Gray.

54

*ALEXANDER'S FEAST**(Or, The Power of Music.)*

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son—
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,
(So should desert in arms be crowned);
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride:—
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair!

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia prest,
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the
world.

—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound ;
A present deity ! they shout around :
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician
sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums !
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face :
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes !
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the King grew vain,
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he
slew the slain !
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he Heaven and Earth defied
Changed his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse :
He sung Darius great and good
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood ;

Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed ;
On the bare earth exposed he lies
With not a friend to close his eyes.
—With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of Chance below ;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree ;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think, it worth enjoying :
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee !
—The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again :
At length with love and wine at once opprest
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
—The princes applaud with a furious joy:
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to
destroy;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy!

—Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
before.

—Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down !

John Dryden.

55

THE TRIUMPH OF DULNESS

(The Dunciad.)

IN vain, in vain—the all-composing hour
Resistless falls : the Muse obeys the power.
She comes ! she comes ! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old !
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain ;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand opprest,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest ;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head !
Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense !
See Mystery to Mathematics fly !
In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame nor private dares to shine ;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine !

Lo, thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored !
 Light dies before thy uncreating word ;
 Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
 And universal darkness buries all !

Alexander Pope.

56

THE FORTUNE OF WAR

(The Vanity of Human Wishes.)

ON what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
 Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign.
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
 vain ;
 'Think nothing gained,' he cries, 'till nought re-
 main,
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
 And Winter barricades the realms of Frost ;
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay ;—
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day !
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
 Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.

But did not Chance at length her error mend ?
Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound ?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

Samuel Johnson.

57

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE

(Essay on Man).

COME then, my Friend, my Genius, come along,
Oh master of the poet and the song !
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;
Formed by thy converse happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe ;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh, while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ?
That urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;
From Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light ;
Showed erring Pride whatever is is right ;

That reason, passion, answer one great aim ;
That true self-love and social are the same ;
That virtue only makes our bliss below ;
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.

Alexander Pope.

58

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

(Absalom and Achitophel.)

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the land ;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome :
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long ;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy !
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes :
So over violent or over civil
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from Court ; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :
For spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel ;
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

John Dryden.

59

THE DEATH OF THE SAME

(Epistle to Lord Bathurst.)

IN the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-
hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas ! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim !
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love ;
Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimic Statesmen, and their merry King.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store !
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, his fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

Alexander Pope.

60

THE VILLAGE CLERGYMAN

(The Deserted Village.)

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden
smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his
place;

Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were
won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard 87

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Oliver Goldsmith.

61

*ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike th' inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard 89

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to extasy the living lyre ;

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbad : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered
Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say :
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

'One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

The Epitaph

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a
friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Thomas Gray.

EPITAPH ON SIR ISAAC NEWTON

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, *Let Newton be*, and all was light.

Alexander Pope.

63

*ON THE DEATH OF MR. ISAAC LEVET**(A Practiser in Physic.)*

Condemned to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills Affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor, lettered Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting Nature called for aid,
And hovering Death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish poured his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride,
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then, with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

Samuel Johnson.

64

ATTICUS

(Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.)

Peace to all such ! but, were there one whose fires
True genius kindles and fair fame inspires ;
Blessed with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease ;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne ;
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts which caused himself to rise ;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer ;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
Alike reserved to blame and to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend ;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged ;
Like Cato give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause ;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise :—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ?

Alexander Pope.

65

*HIS OWN CHARACTER**(Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.)*

OH let me live my own, and die so too !
 (To live and die is all I have to do :)
 Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books I please
 Above a patron, tho' I condescend
 Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
 I was not born for courts or great affairs ;
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers ;
 Can sleep without a poem in my head,
 Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

* * * * *

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
 Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
 Not proud, nor servile ; be one poet's praise,
 That, if he pleased, he pleased by many ways :
 That flattery, even to kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a lie in verse or prose the same.
 That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
 But stooped to truth, and moralized his song :
 That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ;
 Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;
 The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;
 The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,
 The libelled person, and the pictured shape ;
 Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father dead ;

The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sovereign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair virtue, all the past !
For thee, fair virtue, welcome even the last !

Alexander Pope.

66

MY FRIENDS

BURKE, REYNOLDS, AND GARRICK

(Retaliation.)

HERE lies our good Edmund, whose genius was
such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much ;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a
vote ;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on re-
fining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of
dining ;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit ;
For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient ;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place,
sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

* * * * *

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine ;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line ;

Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
 'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turned and he varied full ten times a day.
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick ;
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle
 them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
 And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who peppered the highest, was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind ;
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls, so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and
 you gave !

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
 raised,
 While he was be-Rosciused, and you were be-
 praised !

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel and mix with the skies :
 Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will ;
 Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with
 love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

* * * * *

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my
 mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind.
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;

Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard
of hearing ;
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios,
and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

Oliver Goldsmith.

67

THE BARD

‘RUIN seize thee, ruthless King !
Confusion on thy banners wait ;
Tho’ fanned by Conquest’s crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail,
Nor e’en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears !’
—Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array :—
Stout Glo’ster stood aghast in speechless trance ;
‘To arms !’ cried Mortimer, and couched his
quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe
With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air)
And with a master’s hand and prophet’s fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

H

‘ Hark, how each giant-oak and desert-cave
Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice beneath !
O’er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
Vocal no more, since Cambria’s fatal day,
To high-born Hoel’s harp, or soft Llewellyn’s lay.

‘ Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,
That hushed the stormy main ;
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed ;
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
On dreary Arvon’s shore they lie
Smeared with gore and ghastly pale ;
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country’s cries—
No more I weep ; they do not sleep ;
On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
I see them sit ; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land :
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy
line.

‘ Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward’s race :
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death thro’ Berkley’s roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!

She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven! What terrors round him
wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

'Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
—Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes:
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hushed in grim repose expects his evening
prey.

'Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havock urge their destined course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame
And spare the meek usurper's holy head!

Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursèd loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

'Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof ; the thread is spun ;)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove ; the work is done.)
—Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn.
In yon bright track that fires the western skies
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail :—
All hail, ye genuine kings ! Britannia's issue, hail !

'Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line :
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face
Attempered sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play ?
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-coloured
wings.

And

'The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
In buskined measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice as of the cherub-choir
Gales from blooming Eden bear,
And distant warblings lessen on my ear
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of
day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign:
Be thine despair and sceptred care,
To triumph and to die are mine.'
—He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's
height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless
night.

Thomas Gray.

68

THE MINSTREL'S ROUNDELAY

(Ælla.)

OH sing unto my roundelay,
Oh drop the briny tear with me,
Dance no more at holy-day,
Like a running river be.
My Love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his locks as the winter night,
White his skin as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout,
Oh he lies by the willow-tree!

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the briared dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true Love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.

Here upon my true Love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid:
Not one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid!

With my hands I'll gird the briars
Round his holy corse to grow.
Elfin fairy, light your fires;
Here my body still shall bow.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heartè's blood away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night or feast by day.
My Love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Thomas Chatterton.

69

BOADICEA

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief :

' Princess ! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

' Rome shall perish,—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt ;
Perish hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

' Rome for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states ;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates.

' Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name,
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

' Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

'Regions Cæsar never knew,
 Thy posterity shall sway,
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they.'

Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow,
 Rushed to battle, fought and died,
 Dying, hurled them at the foe.

'Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due;
 Empire is on us bestowed,
 Shame and ruin wait for you!'

William Cowper.

70

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN

(From the Welsh.)

OWEN'S praise demands my song,
 Owen swift, and Owen strong;
 Fairest flower of Roderick's stem,
 Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
 He nor heaps his brooded stores,
 Nor on all profusely pours;
 Lord of every regal art,
 Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
 Squadrons three against him came;
 This the force of Eirin hiding
 Side by side as proudly riding,

On her shadow long and grey
Lochlin ploughs the watery way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talumalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn;
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There confusion, terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild,
Agony that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable death.

Thomas Gray.

71

BELINDA

(The Rape of the Lock.)

NOT with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dressed youths around her
shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those :
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide :
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Alexander Pope.

72

MISS MARY

(A Child Five Years Old.)

LORDS, Knights, and Squires, the numerous band
 That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
 Were summoned by her high command
 To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,
 Lest those bright eyes, that cannot read,
 Should dart their kindling fires, and look
 The power they have to be obeyed.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
 Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
 Dear Five-Years-Old befriends my passion,
 And I may write till she can spell.

For while she makes her silk-worms beds
 With all the tender things I swear,
 While all the house my passion reads
 In papers round her baby's hair,

She may receive and own my flame ;
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then, too, alas when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordained (would Fate but mend it !)
That I shall be past making love
When she begins to comprehend it.

Matthew Prior.

73

THE LOVER'S PLEA

IF doughty deeds my lady please
Right soon I'll mount my steed ;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture at my heart ;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart !
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love ;
Oh tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take
Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye
I'll dight me in array ;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.

If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
 These sounds I'll strive to catch ;
 Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,
 That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
 I never broke a vow ;
 Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
 I never loved but you.
 For you alone I ride the ring,
 For you I wear the blue ;
 For you alone I strive to sing,
 Oh tell me how to woo !
 Then tell me how to woo thee, Love ;
 Oh tell me how to woo thee !
 For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
 Tho' ne'er another trow me.

Robert Graham of Gartmore.

74

LIZZIE LINDSAY

'WILL ye gang to the Hielands wi' me, Lizzie Lindsay,

Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me ?
 Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me, Lizzie Lindsay,
 My bride and my darling to be ?'

'To gang to the Hielands wi' you, sir ?
 I dinna ken how that may be,
 For I ken na the land that ye live in,
 Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'.'

'Lizzie lassie, tis little that ye ken,
 If sae be ye dinna ken me,
 For my name is Lord Ronald Macdonald,
 A chieftain o' high degree.'

She has kilted her coats of green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald,
His bride and his darling to be.

Unknown.

75

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

(The Deserted Village.)

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words, of learnèd length and thundering
sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Oliver Goldsmith.

76

*ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON
COLLEGE*

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade ;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way :

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
Ah, fields beloved in vain !
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace ;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthrall ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circles speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,

That inly gnaws the secret heart ;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo ! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemned alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies ?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Thomas Gray.

77

THE ENGLISH THEATRE

*(Prologue spoken by Garrick at the opening of
Drury Lane Theatre, 1747.)*

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous
foes

First reared the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose ;
Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toiled after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impressed,
And unresisted Passion stormed the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule ;
His studious patience and laborious art
By regular approach assailed the heart :
Cold Approbation gave the lingering bays,
For those, who durst not censure, scarce could
praise.

A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wished for Jonson's art, or Shakespeare's
flame,

Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend ;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days.
Their cause was general, their supports were
strong,

Their slaves were willing, and their reign was
long :

Till Shame regained the post that Sense betrayed,
And Virtue called Oblivion to her aid.

Then, crushed by rules, and weakened as refined,
For years the power of tragedy declined :
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roared whilst Passion slept ;
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remained, though Nature fled.
But forced, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit ;
Exulting Folly hailed the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirmed her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage ?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store ;
Perhaps where Lear has raved and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride :
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance ?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by Fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste ;
With every meteor of caprice must play.
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice ;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense ;
To chase the charms of Sound, the pomp of Show,
For useful Mirth and salutary Woe ;
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

Samuel Johnson.

78

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

TOLL for the brave !

The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought ;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
 And she may float again,
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt's gone,
 His victories ~~are~~ o'er ;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

William Cowper.

79

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

I'VE heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
 Lasses a-lilting before dawn o' day ;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are
 scorning,
 Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae ;
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are
 jeering,
 The bandsters are lyart and runckled and gray ;
 At fair or at preaching nae wooing, nae fleeching—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play ;
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the
Border !

The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that focht aye the
foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Jean Elliot.

80

O D E

(Written in the beginning of the year 1746.)

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

William Collins.

81

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB

WHERE is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn ?
Where may the grave of that good man be ?
By the side of a spring on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the twigs of a young birch tree !
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone,
Is gone,—and the birch in its stead is grown.
The Knight's bones are dust.
And his good sword rust ;—
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

82

*BRUCE TO HIS TROOPS ON THE EVE OF
THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN*

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory !

Now's the day and now's the hour :
See the front o' battle lower :
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freemen stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !—
Let us do or die !

Robert Burns.

83

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO HIS LOVE

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome wi' her I ha'e mony a day been ;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir ;
Though borne on rough seas to a far distant shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, though rise every wind,
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind ;
Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
There's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained,
But by case that's inglorious no fame can be gained,
And beauty and love's the command of the brave,
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse ;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
Without it I ne'er could have merit for thee,
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And if I should chance to come glorious hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Allan Ramsay.

84

RULE, BRITANNIA

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :
Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine !

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crowned
And manly hearts to guard the fair :—
Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
Britons never shall be slaves !

James Thomson.

85

THE GOOD LORD CLIFFORD

(Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the estates and honours of his ancestors.)

FROM town to town, from tower to tower,
The Red Rose is a gladsome flower.
Her thirty years of winter past,
The Red Rose is revived at last ;
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming :
Both Roses flourish, Red and White.
In love and sisterly delight
The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended.—
Joy, joy to both ! but most to her
Who is the flower of Lancaster !
Behold her how she smiles to-day
On this great throng, this bright array !
Fair greeting doth she send to all
From every corner of the hall ;
But chiefly from above the board
Where sits in state our rightful Lord,
A Clifford to his own restored !

They came with banner, spear, and shield
And it was proved in Bosworth-field,
Not long the Avenger was withstood—
Earth helped him with the cry of blood :
St. George was for us, and the might
Of blessed angels crowned the right.
Loud voice the land has uttered forth,
We loudest in the faithful North :
Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,
Our streams proclaim a welcoming ;
Our strong abodes and castles see
The glory of their loyalty.

How glad is Skipton at this hour—
Though she is but a lonely tower,
To vacancy and silence left,
Of all her guardian sons bereft !
Knight, squire, or yeomen, page or groom,
We have them at the feast of Brougham.
How glad Pendragon—though the sleep
Of years be on her !—She shall reap
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
As in a dream her own renewing.
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem
Beside her little humble stream ;
And she that keepeth watch and ward
Her statelier Eden's course to guard ;
They both are happy at this hour,
Though each is but a lonely tower :—
But here is perfect joy and pride
For one fair house by Eamont's side,
This day distinguished without peer
To see her master and to cheer—
Him, and his lady-mother dear !

Oh ! it was a time forlorn
When the fatherless was born—
Give her wings that she may fly,
Or she sees her infant die !

Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the mother and the child.
Who will take them from the light ?
—Yonder is a man in sight—
Yonder is a house—but where ?
No, they must not enter there.
To the caves, and to the brooks,
To the clouds of Heaven she looks ;
She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray in ghostly agonies.
Blissful Mary, Mother mild,
Maid and Mother undefiled,
Save a mother and her child !

Now who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock's side, a shepherd boy ?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
Light as the wind along the grass.
Can this be he who hither came
In secret, like a smothered flame,
O'er whom such thankful tears were shed
For shelter, and a poor man's bread ?
God loves the child ; and God hath willed
That those dear words should be fulfilled,
The lady's words, when forced away
The last she to her babe did say :
' My own, my own, thy fellow-guest
I may not be ; but rest thee, rest,
For lowly shepherd's life is best !'

Alas ! when evil men are strong
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The boy must part from Mosedale's groves,
And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,
And quit the flowers that summer brings
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs ;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turned to heaviness and fear.

—Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise !
Hear it, good man, old in days !
Thou tree of covert and of rest,
For this young bird that is distrest !
Among thy branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey.

A recreant harp that sings of fear
And heaviness in Clifford's ear !
I said, when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long :
A weak and cowardly untruth !
Our Clifford was a happy youth,
And thankful through a weary time,
That brought him up to manhood's prime.
—Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill.
His garb is humble ; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien ;
Among the shepherd-grooms no mate
Hath he, a child of strength and state !
Yet lacks not friends for solemn glee,
And a cheerful company,
That learned of him submissive ways,
And comforted his private days.
To his side the fallow-deer
Came, and rested without fear ;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty ;
And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale Tarn did wait on him ;
The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality ;
They moved about in open sight,
To and fro, for his delight.
He knew the rocks which angels haunt
On the mountains visitant ;

He hath kenned them taking wing :
And the caves where fairies sing
He hath entered ; and been told
By voices how men lived of old.
Among the Heavens his eye can see
Face of thing that is to be ;
And, if men report him right,
He could whisper words of might.
—Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom.
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book.
Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls :—
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the lance—
'Bear me to the heart of France,'
Is the longing of the shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling field ;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory !
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored
Like a re-appearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the Flock of War !'

William Wordsworth.

86

KUBLA KHAN

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil
seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced :
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail ;
And 'mid those dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
An on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware, beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

87

JOHN ANDERSON

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither ;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither :
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go ;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Robert Burns.

88

*THE QUARREL**(Christabel.)*

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother :
They parted—ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between ;—
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

89

*THE RECONCILIATION**(The Same.)*

'NAY, by my soul !' said Leoline.
'Ho, Bracy, the bard, the charge be thine !
Go thou, with music sweet and loud,
And take two steeds with trappings proud,

And take the youth whom thou lov'st best
To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
And clothe you both in solemn vest,
And over the mountains haste along,
Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
Detain you on the valley road.
And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
My merry bard ! he hastes, he hastes
Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
And reaches soon that castle good
Which stands and threatens Scotland's wastes.

Bard Bracy ! bard Bracy ! your horses are fleet,
Ye must ride up the hall, your music so sweet,
More loud than your horses' echoing feet !
And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
" Thy daughter is safe in Langdale Hall !
Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—
Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
He bids thee come without delay
With all thy numerous array,
And take thy lovely daughter home :
And he will meet thee on the way
With all his numerous array
White with their panting palfreys' foam : "
And, by mine honour, I will say,
That I repent me of the day
When I spake words of fierce disdain
To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine !
—For since that evil hour hath flown,
Many a summer's sun hath shone ;
Yet ne'er found I a friend again
Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine !'

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

90

MY LOVE

OH my Luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June :
Oh my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I :
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry :

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve,
And fare thee weel awhile !
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns.

91

THE PIPER

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me :—

' Pipe a song about a lamb.'
So I piped with merry cheer.
' Piper, pipe that song again.'
So I piped ; he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer.'
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read'—
So he vanished from my sight ;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.

William Blake.

92

THE CUCKOO

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove,
Thou messenger of Spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear ;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood,
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year !

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

Michael Bruce.

93

A PERFECT WOMAN

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death :
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

William Wordsworth.

94

GENEVIEVE

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve ;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight :
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve !
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined ; and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

How sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And how he knew it was a Fiend,
 This miserable Knight !

And how, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
 The Lady of the Land !—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
 The scorn that crazed his brain ;—

And how she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
 A dying man he lay ;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
 Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve ;
The music, and the doleful tale,
 The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes, long subdued,
 Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
 I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride !

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

GLENARA

OH heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and
wail ?

'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear,
And her sire, and the people, are called to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud ;
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud :
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around ;
They marched all in silence,—they looked on the
ground.

In silence they marched over mountain and moor
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and
hoar.

‘Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn.
Why speak ye no word?’ said Glenara the stern.

‘And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your
brows?’

So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger displayed.

‘I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her shroud,’
Cried a voice from the kinsmen all wrathful and
loud:

‘And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:
Glenara, Glenara, now read me my dream!’

Oh pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed and no lady was
seen;

When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in
scorn,

’Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of
Lorn.

‘I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her grief,
I dreamed that her lord was a barbarous chief.
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem:
Glenara, Glenara, now read me my dream!’

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert revealed where his lady was found.
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,—
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

Thomas Campbell.

96

A BARD'S EPITAPH

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool ?
 Let him draw near ;
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
 Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
 That weekly this area throng ?
 Oh, pass not by !
 But, with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave ?
 Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
 Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame ;
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stained his name !

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
 In low pursuit ;
 Know prudent, cautious, self-control
 Is wisdom's root.

Robert Burns.

97

THE LOSS OF FRIENDS

*(Extempore effusion on the Death of James Hogg,
1835.)*

WHEN first, descending from the moorlands,
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide
Along a bare and open valley,
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,
Through groves that had begun to shed
Their golden leaves upon the pathways,
My steps the Border-Minstrel led.

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
Mid mouldering ruins low he lies ;
And death upon the braes of Yarrow,
Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes ;

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,
From sign to sign, its steadfast course,
Since every mortal power of Coleridge
Was frozen at its marvellous source ;

The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth ;
And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,
Has vanished from his lonely hearth.

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother,
From sunshine to the sunless land !

Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
'Who next will drop and disappear?'

Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
Like London with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, oh Crabbe, forth-looking,
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before ; but why,
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep ;
For her who, ere her summer faded,
Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughtered youth or love-lorn maid !
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their poet dead.

William Wordsworth.

98

THE LAST MAN

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality !
I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time !
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold
As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man.

Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
 In plague and famine some ;
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
And ships were drifting with the dead
 To shores where all was dumb.

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
 With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
 As if a storm passed by,
Saying—‘ We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 ’Tis Mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand, ten thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears
 That shall no longer flow.

‘ What though beneath thee man put forth
 His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
 The vassals of his will ;
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day,
 For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang
Healed not a passion or a pang
 Entailed on human hearts.

‘ Go, let oblivion’s curtain fall
 Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
 Life’s tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the wrack
 Of pain again to writhe,
Stretched in disease’s shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

' Even I am weary in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sunless agonies,
 Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall ;
The majesty of Darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost !

' This spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory,
 And took the sting from Death !

' Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste,—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God !'

Thomas Campbell.

99

LIFE AND DEATH

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part :
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.

Book the Third

100

COMRADES

(The Siege of Corinth.)

IN the year since Jesus died for men,
Eighteen hundred years and ten,
We were a gallant company
Riding o'er land and sailing o'er sea.
Oh, but we went merrily!
We forded the river and clomb the high hill,
Never our steeds for a day stood still.
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed:
Whether we couched in our rough capote,
On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,
Or stretched on the beach, or our saddles spread
As a pillow beneath the resting head,
Fresh we woke upon the morrow:
 All our thoughts and words had scope,
 We had health and we had hope,
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.
We were of all tongues and creeds:
Some were those who counted beads,
Some of mosque, and some of church,
 And some, or I mis-say, of neither;
Yet through the wide world might ye search,
 Nor find a motlier crew nor blither.
But some are dead, and some are gone,
And some are scattered and alone,

And some are rebels on the hills
That look along Epirus' valleys,
Where Freedom still at moment rallies,
And pays in blood oppression's ills ;
And some are in a far countree,
And some all restlessly at home ;
But never more, ah never, we
Shall meet to revel and to roam !

But those hardy days flew cheerily,
And when they now fall drearily,
My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main
And bear my spirit back again
Over the earth, and through the air,
A wild bird and a wanderer.

Lord Byron.

101

THE SPIRIT OF DELIGHT

RARELY, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight !
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false ! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure ;—
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure ;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight !
The fresh earth in new leaves dressed,
And the starry night,
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost ;
I love waves and winds and storms,—
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good.
Between thee and me
What difference? But thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love, though he has wings,
And like light can flee ;
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life ! Oh come,
Make once more my heart thy home !

Percy Bysshe Shelley

102

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland lass !
Reaping and singing by herself ;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
Oh listen ! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day,
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending ;—
I listened till I had my fill,
And when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

William Wordsworth.

103

GATHERING SONG OF BLACK DONALD

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset !

Sir Walter Scott.

104

BEFORE THE BATTLE

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife ;
By that sun whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh, remember life can be
No charm for him who lives not free !
Like the day-star in the wave
Sinks a hero in his grave,
'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years—
But oh, how blessed they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast !

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we tamed his tyrant might !

Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from then.
Hark ! the horn of combat calls—
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round !

Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound —
But oh, how blessed that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep.

Thomas Moore.

THE RED HARLAW

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle,
And listen great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And doun the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw.

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile, but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood
That Highland host to see:
'Now here a knight that's stout and good
May prove a jeopardie.

'What would'st thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my rein,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

'To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wondrous peril,—
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl?'

'Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

'If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

'My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
As through the moorland fern,—
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne!'

Sir Walter Scott.


106

THE ASSAULT

(The Siege of Corinth.)

THE night is past, and shines the sun
As if that morn were a jocund one,
Lightly and brightly breaks away
The morning from her mantle grey,
And the noon will look on a sultry day.
Hark to the trump, and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're
borne,

And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's
hum,
And the clash, and the shout, 'They come! they
come!'
The horsetails are plucked from the ground, and
the sword
From its sheath; and they form, and but wait for
the word.
Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman,
Strike your tents, and throng to the van;
Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,
That the fugitive may flee in vain,
When he breaks from the town; and none escape,
Aged or young, in the Christian shape;
While your fellows on foot in a fiery mass,
Bloodstain the breach through which they pass.
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane;
White is the foam of their champ on the bit:
The spears are uplifted; the matches are lit;
The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,
And crush the wall they have crumbled before:
Forms in his phalanx each Janizar;
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,
So is the blade of his scimitar;
The khan and the pachas are all at their post;
The vizier himself at the head of the host.
When the culverin's signal is fired, then on:
Leave not in Corinth a living one—
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.
God and the prophet—Alla Hu!
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!
'There the breach lies for passage, the ladder to
scale;
And your hands on your sabres, and how should ye
fail!
He who first downs with the red cross may crave
His heart's dearest wish; let him ask it, and have!'



Thus uttered Coumourgi, the dauntless vizier ;
The reply was the brandish of sabre and spear.
And the shout of fierce thousands in joyous ire :—
Silence—hark to the signal—fire !

As the wolves that headlong go
On the stately buffalo,
Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,
And hoofs that stamp and horns that gore,
He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die ;
Thus against the wall they went,
Thus the first were backward bent ;
Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,
Strewed the earth like broken glass,
Shivered by the shot that tore
The ground whereon they moved no more :
Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
When his work is done on the levelled plain ;
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

As the spring-tides, with heavy splash,
From the cliffs invading dash
Huge fragments, sapped by the ceaseless flow,
Till white and thundering down they go,
Like the avalanche's snow
On the Alpine vales below ;
Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne
By the long and oft renewed
Charge of the Moslem multitude.
In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
Heaped by the host of the infidel,
Hand to hand, and foot to foot :
Nothing there, save death, was mute :
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter or for victory,

Mingle there with the volleying thunder,
Which makes the distant cities wonder
How the sounding battle goes,
If with them, or for their foes ;
If they must mourn, or may rejoice
In that annihilating voice,
Which pierces the deep hills through and through
With an echo dread and new :
You might have heard it, on that day,
O'er Salamis and Megara ;
(We have heard the hearers say,)
Even unto Piræus' bay.

Lord Byron.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried, when each
gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased—and all is wail
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave :
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,

As death withdrew his shades from the day :
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Briton's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou,—
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condole,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

Thomas Campbell.

FLODDEN FIELD

(Marmion.)

'BUT see ! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till
Was wreathed in sable smoke.

Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
 As down the hill they broke ;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone
Announced their march ; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
 At times a stifled hum,
Told England from his mountain-throne
 King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear or see their foes
Until at weapon-point they close.
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust ;
 And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth
 And fiends in upper air ;
Oh life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
 And triumph and despair !
Long looked the anxious squires ; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
And first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears ;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave ;
 But nought distinct they see.
Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain ;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly ;
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight ;

Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.
'Twas vain :—but Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell ;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky !
A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry ;
Loud were the clanging blows.
Advanced, forced back, now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose ;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.

* * * * *

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vanward wing,
Where Huntly, and where Home ?

Oh for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Roland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side,
Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
Our Caledonian pride!

* * * * *

But as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.

Then did their loss his foemen know ;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land ;
To town and tower, to town and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song
Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield !

Sir Walter Scott.

HOHENLINDEN

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven ;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven ;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow ;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part, where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Thomas Campbell.

110

WATERLOO

(Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.)

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell !

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure
 meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once
 more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening
 roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it
 near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could
 quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting,
 fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking
 sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who would
 guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
 rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—‘The foe! They
come! they come!’

And wild and high the ‘Cameron’s gathering’
rose!
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn’s hills,
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon
foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which
fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan’s, Donald’s fame rings in each clans-
man’s ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green
leaves,
Dewy with nature’s tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e’er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold
and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when
 rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and
 pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
 blent!

Lord Byron.

III

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

Charles Wolfe.

112

*ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S
HOMER*

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

John Keats.

113

THE SCHOLAR

My days among the dead are past ;
 Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old ;
My never failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe ;
And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead ; with them
 I live in long past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead ; anon
 My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
 Through all futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

Robert Southey.

114

THE TABLES TURNED

UP, up, my Friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double!
Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark, how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art ;
Close up these barren leaves :
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

William Wordsworth.

115

THE INVITATION

BEST and brightest, come away,
Fairer far than this fair day,
Which, like thee, to those in sorrow
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn Spring
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon morn
To hoar February born ;
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
It kissed the forehead of the earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strewed flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.

Radiant Sister of the Day,
Awake! arise! and come away!
To the wild woods and the plains,
To the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves
Of sapless green, and ivy dun,
Round stems that never kiss the sun;
Where the lawns and pastures be
And the sandhills of the sea;
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers and violets,
Which yet join not scent to hue,
Crown the pale year weak and new:
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dim and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal sun.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

HUNTING SONG

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay!
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
Waken, lords and ladies gay!

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
The mist has left the mountain grey ;
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green.
Now we come to chant our lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
To the green-wood haste away :
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed.
You shall see him brought to bay ;
Waken, lords and ladies gay !

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman, who can baulk,
Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk ?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay !

Sir Walter Scott.

117

THE SEA

(Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.)

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he
wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were
free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sub-
 lime—

The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,
 alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

Lord Byron.

THE RIVER NILE

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands
 Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream ;
 And times and things, as in that vision, seem
 Keeping along it their eternal stands ;—
 Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd-bands
 That roamed through the young earth, the glory
 extreme
 Of high Sesostriis, and that southern beam,
 The laughing queen that caught the world's great
 hands.

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us ; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

Leigh Hunt.

119

THE CLOUD


I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits ;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
 beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.



I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and
 swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl,
From cape to cape, with bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my
 chair,
 Is the million-coloured bow :
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
 I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex
 gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
 tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

120

*SUNSET**(The Corsair.)*

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
 Along Morea's hills the setting sun ;
 Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
 But one unclouded blaze of living light !
 O'er the hushed deep his yellow beam he throws,
 Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows.
 On old Ægina's rock and Idra's isle
 The god of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
 O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
 Though there his altars are no more divine.
 Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
 Thy glorious gulf, unconquered Salamis !
 Their azure arches through the long expanse
 More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
 And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
 Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven ;
 Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
 Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

Lord Byron.

121

A SERENADE

AH, County Guy, the hour is nigh,
 The sun has left the lea,
 The orange flower perfumes the bower,
 The breeze is on the sea.
 The lark, his lay who thrilled all day,
 Sits hushed his partner nigh ;
 Breeze bird, and flower, confess the hour,
 But, where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy?

Sir Walter Scott.

122

THE CORSAIR'S LIFE

(The Corsair.)

O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range,
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? Not thou, luxurious slave,
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave!
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease,
Whom slumber soothes not, pleasure cannot
please!
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense, the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feeble faint, can only feel,—
Feel, to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?

No dread of death, if with us die our foes,
Save that it seems even duller than repose :
Come when it will,—we snatch the life of life—
When lost—what reck's it, by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls enamoured of decay
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away,
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head ;
Ours,—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang, one bound, escapes control.
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
And they who loathed his life may gild his grave :
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
For us, even banquets fond regret supply
In the red cup that crowns our memory ;
And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
When those who win at length divide the prey,
And cry, remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
How had the brave who fell exulted *now*!

Lord Byron.

123

A SONG OF THE SEA

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind !
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high ;

And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
But hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

Allan Cunningham.

124

ROSABELLE

(The Lay of the Last Minstrel.)

OH listen, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

' Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle lady, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

' The blackening wave is edged with white ;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

' Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?'

'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle.'

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

Sir Walter Scott.

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TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-
flowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her
bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from
the view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-
wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of
pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not ;
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught ;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
 thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all reasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening
 now !

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

TO THE CUCKOO

OH blithe new-comer, I have heard,
 I hear thee and rejoice?
 Oh Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass
 Thy twofold shout I hear ;
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,
 At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

Oh blessèd bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place
That is fit home for thee!

William Wordsworth.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

Oh for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth !
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and
dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath ;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy !
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
No hungry generations tread thee down ;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown :
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self.
Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.

Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?
John Keats.

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THE RISING OF THE CLANS

THERE is mist on the mountain and night on the
 vale,
 But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
 A stranger commanded,—it sunk on the land,
 It has frozen each heart and benumbed every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
 The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
 On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
 It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
 Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
 Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
 That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are
 past;
 The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
 Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
 And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the
 blaze.

Oh high-minded Moray, the exiled, the dear!
 In the blush of the dawning the Standard uprear!
 Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
 Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is
 nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall
break,
Need the harp of the agèd remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or
die.

Oh sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat,
Combine like three streams from one mountain of
snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder, and burnish thy
steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold
swell,
Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the
gale!
May the race of Clan Gillean, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of grey Fingon, whose offspring has
given
Such heroes to earth and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall
display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wronged Alpine and murdered
Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar
 Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
 Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
 For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
 Brave sons of the mountain, the firth, and the
 lake!

'Tis the bugle,—but not for the chase is the call;
 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons,—but not to the
 hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
 When the banners are blazing on mountain and
 heath;

They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
 To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain's like Fin's in his
 ire!

May the blood through his veins flow like currents
 of fire!

Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of
 yore!

Or die like your sires, and endure it no more!

Sir Walter Scott.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and
 crown;
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!

Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the
plain.

But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of
war

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin, whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate!
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin, to death and captivity led!
Oh weep, but thy tears cannot number the dead!
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laughest thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be
torn!

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the
north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah, home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh!
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the
blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of
heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel, the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn!
Return to thy dwelling, all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it
stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing
brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are
one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their
breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the
shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the
rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal.
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive
king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!

Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my
sight:
Rise, rise, ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished! Their thunders are hushed on the
moors,
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner, where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and
torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh, mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to
beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter, I trust not the tale!
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in
their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of
fame!

Thomas Campbell.

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*THE SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST
BATTLE*

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft or the
sword

Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path :
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

Lord Byron.

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THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is
green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath
blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and
chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever
grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his
pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his
mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

Lord Byron.

THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE Mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze !

Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.

Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell.

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ENGLAND'S DUTY

(Written in November, 1806.)

ANOTHER year! another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And we are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought,
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
Oh dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

William Wordsworth.

134

BONNY DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who
spoke,
'Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns
to be broke;

So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port and let me gae free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny
Dundee !'

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are
beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, 'Just e'en let
him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of the Deil of Dundee !'

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie
and slee,
Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonnie Dundee !

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was
panged
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each
e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnoch had spits and had
spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrank to close-heads, and the causeway
was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:
'Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words
or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.'

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
'Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

'There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond
Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in
the North;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times
three,
Will cry *hoigh* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

'There's brass on the target of barked bull-hide;
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash
free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

'Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,—
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your
glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!'

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were
blown,
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode
on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

Sir Walter Scott.

135

*THE GOLDEN AGE**(Hellas.)*

THE world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn :
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far ;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star ;
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize ;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies ;
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth death's scroll must be !
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free ;
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime ;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued:
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
Oh might it die or rest at last!

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

136

THE ISLES OF GREECE

(Don Juan.)

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' Islands of the Blest.

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations ;—all were his !
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they ?

And where are they, and where art thou,
My country ? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now,
The heroic bosom beats no more !
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
For what is left the poet here ?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
Earth ! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead !
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still, and silent all ?
Ah, no !—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, ' Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come !'
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ;
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these,
It made Anacreon's song divine :
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant ; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
Oh, that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells ;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells ;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die.
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

Lord Byron.

137

ARETHUSA

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
 From cloud and from crag,
 With many a jag,
 Shepherding her bright fountains.
 She leapt down the rocks
 With her rainbow locks
 Streaming among the streams ;
 Her steps paved with green
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams :
 And gliding and springing,
 She went, ever singing,
 In murmurs as soft as sleep ;
 The Earth seemed to love her,
 And Heaven smiled above her,
 As she lingered towards the deep.

Then Alpheus bold,
 On his glacier cold,
 With his trident the mountains strook ;
 And opened a chasm
 In the rocks ;—with the spasm
 All Erymanthus shook.

And the black south wind
It concealed behind
The urns of the silent snow,
And earthquake and thunder
Did rend in sunder
The bars of the springs below.
The beard and the hair
Of the River-god were
Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

' Oh, save me! Oh, guide me!
And bid the deep hide me!
For he grasps me now by the hair!'
The loud Ocean heard,
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam,
Behind her descended,
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream.
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main,
Alpheus rushed behind,—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones;
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones;

Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of coloured light ;
And under the caves
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night ;
Outspeeding the shark,
And the swordfish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts
Of the mountain cliffs,
They passed to their Dorian home.

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill ;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of asphodel ;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore ;
Like the spirits that lie
In the azure sky,
When they love but live no more.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

138

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme;
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens
loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone;
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs, that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu!
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love, more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, oh mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

Oh Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity! Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

John Keats.

139

LONDON

(*Composed on Westminster Bridge, September 3rd,*
1803.)

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

William Wordsworth.

140

VENICE

(Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.)

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
A palace and a prison on each hand :
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred
isles !

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers :
And such she was ;—her daughters had their
dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity in-
creased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear :
Those days are gone—but beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

Lord Byron.

141

THE SAME

(Lines written among the Euganean Hills.)

BENEATH is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair.
Underneath day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline ;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean

To the sapphire-tinted skies ;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise,
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt city, thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen !
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey,
If the power that raised thee here
Hallow so thy watery bier.
A less drear ruin than than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne among the waves,
Wilt thou be, when the seamew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state ;
Save where many a palace gate
With green sea-flowers overgrown
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandoned sea
As the tides change sullenly.
The fisher on his watery way,
Wandering at the close of day,
Will spread his sail and seize his oar
Till he pass the gloomy shore,
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of his path.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

EDINBURGH

(Marmion.)

STILL on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.

When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow

With gloomy splendour red ;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.

Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down

Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town !

But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleamed a purple amethyst.

Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;
Here Preston Bay and Berwick-Law :

And, broad between them rolled,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.

Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent ;
As if to give his rapture vent,

The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle hand,

And, making demi-volte in air,
Cried, ' Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land ?'

Sir Walter Scott.

143

THE COLISEUM

(Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.)

AND here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man.
And wherefore slaughtered? Wherefore but
because
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the
wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—
All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire
And unavenged?—Arise, ye Goths, and glut your
ire!

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody
 steam;
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the
 ways,
 And roared or murmured like a mountain stream
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
 Here, where the Roman millions' blame or praise
 Was death or life, the plaything of a crowd,
 My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint
 rays
 On the arena void—seats crushed—walls
 bowed—
 And galleries, where my steps seem echoes
 strangely loud.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
 Walls, palaces, half cities, have been reared;
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
 And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
 Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
 Alas! developed, opens the decay,
 When the colossal fabric's form is neared:
 It will not bear the brightness of the day,
 Which streams too much on all years, man, have
 reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of
 time,
 And the low night-breeze waves along the air
 The garland forest, which the grey walls wear,
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
 Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye
 tread.

Lord Byron.

144

THE LAND OF THE SUN

(The Bride of Abydos.)

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their
clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the
turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever
shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with
perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit;
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the
sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the land of the East, 'tis the clime of the
Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have
done?
Oh, wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales
which they tell!

Lord Byron.

145

MERRY ENGLAND

THEY called thee Merry England in old time ;
 A happy people won for thee that name
 With envy heard in many a distant clime ;
 And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same
 Endearing title, a responsive chime
 To the heart's fond belief ; though some there are
 Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare
 For inattentive fancy, like the lime
 Which foolish birds are caught with—Can, I ask,
 This face of rural beauty be a mask
 For discontent and poverty and crime,
 These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will?
 Forbid it, Heaven!—and Merry England still
 Shall be thy rightful name in prose and rhyme!

William Wordsworth.

146

LOCHINVAR

(Marmion.)

OH young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the
 best ;
 And save his good broadsword he weapons had
 none,
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for
 stone,
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was
 none ;

But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers,
and all :

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
sword,

(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a
word,)

'Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'

'I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kissed the goblet : the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to
sigh,

With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
'Now tread we a measure !' said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet
and plume ;

And the bride-maidens whispered, ' 'Twere better
by far

To have matched our fair cousin with young
Lochinvar.'

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger
stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
'She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young
Lochinvar

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the
Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran :
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar !
Sir Walter Scott.

147

THE FUGITIVES

THE waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing—
Away !

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster-bells ringing—
Come away !

The earth is like ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion ;
Bird, beast, man and worm,
Have crept out of the storm—
Come away !

'Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale;
A bold pilot, I trow,
Who should follow us now!'—
 Shouted he.

And she cried: 'Ply the oar;
Put off gaily from shore!'—
As she spoke, bolts of death,
Mixed with hail, specked their path
 O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,
The blue beacon-cloud broke:
And, though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flashed fast
 From the lee.

'And, fearest thou, and fearest thou?
And, seest thou, and hearest thou?
And, drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
 I and thou?'

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover;
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
 Soft and low;

While around the lashed ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered, and shifted
 To and fro.

In the court of the fortress
 Beside the pale portress,
 Like a bloodhound well beaten
 The bridegroom stands, eaten
 By shame.

On the topmost watch-turret,
 As a death-boding spirit,
 Stands the grey tyrant father ;
 To his voice the mad weather
 Seems tame ;

And, with curses as wild
 As e'er clung to child,
 He devotes to the blast
 The best, loveliest, and last
 Of his name.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

'WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie?
 Why weep ye by the tide ?
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
 And ye sall be his bride :
 And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
 Sae comely to be seen'—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

'Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale ;
 Young Frank is chief of Errington
 And lord of Langley-dale ;

His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen '—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you the foremost o' them a'
Shall ride our forest-queen '—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there:
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

Sir Walter Scott.

149

THE OUTLAW'S SONG

(Rokeby.)

OH, Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there,
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton Hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily,—

Poet's Walk

'Oh, Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.'

'If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we,
That dwell by dale and down ?
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May.'
Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there,
Than reign our English queen.

'I read you, by your bugle-horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's greenwood.'
'A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light ;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.'
Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay ;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May !

'With burnished brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum.'
'I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear ;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.

And, oh ! though Brignall banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May !

‘ Maiden ! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I’ll die !
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I !
And when I’m with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.
Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.’

Sir Walter Scott.

150

ROBIN HOOD

No ! those days are gone away
And their hours are old and grey,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years :
Many times have Winter’s shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest’s whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more ;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill ;

There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where long Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest deear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you ;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold ;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can,
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent ;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din ;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn ;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the 'grené shawe ;'
All are gone away and past !
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze :
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fallen beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas ;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange, that honey
Can't be got without hard money !

So it is ; yet let us sing
Honour to the old bow-string !
Honour to the bugle-horn !
Honour to the woods unshorn !

Honour to the Lincoln green !
Honour to the archer keen !
Honour to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon !
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood !
Honour to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan !
Though their days have hurried by
Let us two a burden try.

John Keats.

151

CORONACH

(The Lady of the Lake.)

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The fount, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !
The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory ;
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber !

Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain,
 Thou art gone, and for ever!

Sir Walter Scott.

152

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT

*(On his departure, in ill-health, from Abbotsford
 for Naples.)*

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
 Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
 Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
 Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
 For kindred Power departing from their sight;
 While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe
 strain,
 Saddens his voice again and yet again.
 Lift up your hearts, ye mourners! for the might
 Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
 Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
 Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
 Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true,
 Ye winds of ocean and the midland sea,
 Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!

William Wordsworth.

153

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

'Tis done—but yesterday a King,
 And armed with Kings to strive!
 And now thou art a nameless thing,
 So abject—yet alive!

Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bowed so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestioned, power to save,
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipped thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson.—It will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks, never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway
With fronts of brass and feet of clay.

The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife,
The earthquake voice of victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quelled!—Dark Spirit, what must be
The madness of thy memory!

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!

Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak,
Dreamed not of the rebound:
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how looked he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger, dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home.
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandoned power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;

All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean.

And Earth has spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh, ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weighed in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality, are just
To all that pass away!
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deemed contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?

Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,—
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile—
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferred his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?
But one—'The world was mine!'
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit poured so widely forth—
So long obeyed—so little worth.

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!
Foredoomed by God, by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

There was a day, there was an hour,
While earth was Gaul's, Gaul thine,
When that immeasurable power
Unsated to resign

Had been an act of purer fame
Than gathers round Marengo's name,
And gilded thy decline,
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou forsooth must be a King,
And don the purple vest,
As if that foolish robe could wring
Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment, where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
The star, the string, the crest?
Vain froward child of empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatched away?

Lord Byron.

Book the Fourth

154

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

BURY the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,

Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,

Mourning when their leaders fall,

Warriors carry the warrior's pall,

And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?

Here, in streaming London's central roar.

Let the sound of those he wrought for,

And the feet of those he fought for,

Echo round his bones for evermore.

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,

As fits an universal woe,

Let the long long procession go,

And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,

And let the mournful martial music blow;

The last great Englishman is low.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,

Remembering all his greatness in the past.

No more in soldier fashion will he greet

With lifted hand the gazer in the street.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington 233

Oh friends, our chief state-oracle is mute :
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
Oh good gray head which all men knew,
Oh voice from which their omens all men drew,
Oh iron nerve to true occasion true,
Oh fallen at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that
blew !
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no
more.

All is over and done :
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell be tolled.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be tolled :
And a reverent people behold
The towering car, the sable steeds :
Bright let it be with its blazoned deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.

Let the bell be tolled :
And a deeper knell in the heart be knolled ;
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem rolled
Through the dome of the golden cross ;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom :
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame ;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-tempered frame.
Oh civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

Who is he that cometh, like an honoured guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with
priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea ;
His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
Oh give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee ;

or this is England's greatest son,
e that gained a hundred fights,
or ever lost an English gun ;
his is he that far away
gainst the myriads of Assaye
lashed with his fiery few and won ;
nd underneath another sun,
/arring on a later day,
ound affrighted Lisbon drew
he treble works, the vast designs
f his laboured rampart-lines,
/here he greatly stood at bay,
/hence he issued forth anew,
nd ever great and greater grew,
eating from the wasted vines
ack to France her banded swarms,
ack to France with countless blows,
ill o'er the hills her eagles flew
eyond the Pyrenean pines,
ollowed up in valley and glen
/ith blare of bugle, clamour of men,
oll of cannon and clash of arms,
nd England pouring on her foes.
ch a war had such a close.
gain their ravening eagle rose
anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing wings,
nd barking for the thrones of kings ;
ill one that sought but Duty's iron crown
n that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
day of onsets of despair !
ashed on every rocky square
heir surging charges foamed themselves away ;
ast, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
hrough the long-tormented air
eaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
nd down we swept and charged and overthrew.
o great a soldier taught us there,
'hat long-enduring hearts could do
that world-earthquake, Waterloo !

Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
Oh saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
Oh shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
And through the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And keep it ours, oh God, from brute control ;
Oh Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.

Remember him who led your hosts ;
He bad you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever ; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent ; even if they broke
In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power ;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Through either babbling world of high and low ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
Who never spoke against a foe ;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Followed by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour showered all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the State.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.

Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won.
His path upward, and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure:
Till in all lands and through all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory:
And let the land whose hearths he saved from
shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see:
Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung:
Oh peace, it is a day of pain
For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington 239

Whom we see not we revere ;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane :
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For though the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will ;
Though world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul ?
On God and Godlike men we built our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and
tears :
The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
He is gone who seemed so great.—
Gone ; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him,
God accept him, Christ receive him.

Lord Tennyson.

155

*THE ARMADA**(A Fragment.)*

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise ;
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in
ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in
vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of
Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer
day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to
Plymouth Bay ;
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond
Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many
a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial
grace ;
And the tall Pinta till the noon had held her close
in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along
the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's
lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the
coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland
many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff
comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him
sound the drums ;

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an
ample space ;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of
Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance
the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon
swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient
crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies
down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that
famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's
eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned
to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the
princely hunters lay.
Ho, strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight ! Ho,
scatter flowers, fair maids !
Ho, gunners, fire a loud salute ! Ho, gallants, draw
your blades !
Thou sun, shine on her joyously, ye breezes, waft
her wide,
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our
pride !
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that
banner's massy fold ;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold ;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple
sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er
again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the
day ;

For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-
flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone ; it shone on
Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each
southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves,
The rugged miner poured to war from Mendip's
sunless caves ;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the
fiery herald flew :
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers
of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out
from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton down.
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into
the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of
blood-red light ;
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like
silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal
city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reel-
ing spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the
voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
louder cheer ;
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed
down each roaring street.

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still
the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came
spurring in.
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the
warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant
squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those
bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they
started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they
bounded still :
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they
sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills
of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the
boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln
sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide
vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers
of Carlisle.

Lord Macaulay.

156

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the north-
 west died away ;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into
 Cadiz Bay ;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar
 lay ;
 In the dimmest north-east distance dawned Gib-
 raltar grand and gray.
 'Here and there did England help me ; how can I
 help England?'—say,
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to
 praise and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

Robert Browning.

157

THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR

(Told to the author by Sir Charles James Napier.)

Eleven men of England
 A breast-work charged in vain ;
 Eleven men of England
 Lie stripped and gashed and slain,—
 Slain, but of foes that guarded
 Their rock-built fortress well,
 Some twenty had been mastered
 When the last soldier fell.

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way
 Across the sand-waves of the desert sea,
 Then flashed at once on each fierce clan dismay
 Lord of their wild Truckee.

These missed the glen to which their steps were
bent,
Mistook a mandate, from afar half heard,
And in that glorious error calmly went
To death without a word.

The robber-chief mused deeply
Above those daring dead :
'Bring here,' at length he shouted,
'Bring quick the battle-thread.
Let Eblis blast for ever
Their souls if Allah will ;
But we must keep unbroken
The old rules of the Hill.

'Before the Ghuznee tiger
Leaped forth to burn and slay,
Before the holy Prophet
Taught our grim tribes to pray,
Before Secunder's lances
Pierced through each Indian glen,
The mountain laws of honour
Were framed for fearless men.

'Still, when a chief dies bravely,
We bind with green one wrist—
Green for the brave, for heroes
One crimson thread we twist.
Say ye, oh gallant Hillmen,
For these, whose life has fled,
Which is the fitting colour,
The green one, or the red?'

Our brethren, laid in honoured graves, may wear
Their green reward,' each noble savage said ;
To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall
tear,
Who dares deny the red?'

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,
Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict came;
Beneath a waning moon each spectral height
Rolled back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly
Down on those daring dead;
From his good sword their heart's blood
Crept to that crimson thread.
Once more he cried: 'The judgment,
Good friends, is wise and true,
But though the red be given,
Have we not more to do?

' These were not stirred by anger,
Nor yet by lust made bold;
Renown they thought above them,
Nor did they look for gold.
To them their leader's signal
Was as the voice of God;
Unmoved and uncomplaining,
The path it showed they trod.

' As, without sound or struggle,
The stars unhurrying march,
Where Allah's finger guides them,
Through yonder purple arch,
These Franks, sublimely silent,
Without a quickened breath,
Went, in the strength of duty,
Straight to their goal of death.

' If I were now to ask you
To name our bravest man,
Ye all at once would answer,
They called him Mehrab Khan.
He sleeps among his fathers,
Dear to our native land,
With the bright mark he bled for
Firm round his faithful hand.

'The songs they sing of Roostum
Fill all the past with light ;
If truth be in their music,
He was a noble knight.
But were these heroes living
And strong for battle still,
Would Mehrab Khan or Roostum
Have climbed, like these, the hill ?'

And they replied: 'Though Mehrab Khan was
brave,
As chief he chose himself what risks to run ;
Prince Roostum lied, his forfeit life to save,
Which these had never done !'

'Enough !' he shouted fiercely ;
'Doomed though they be to hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
Round *both* wrists,—bind it well.
Who knows but that great Allah
May grudge such matchless men,
With none so decked in heaven,
To the fiends' flaming den?'

Then all those gallant robbers
Shouted a stern 'Amen !'
They raised the slaughtered sergeant,
They raised his mangled ten.
And when we found their bodies
Left bleaching in the wind,
Around *both* wrists in glory
That crimson thread was twined.

Then Napier's knightly heart, touched to the core,
Rang like an echo to that knightly deed ;
He bade its memory live for evermore,
That those who run may read.

Sir Francis Doyle

158

*THE TRIUMPH OF ARMS**(The Prophecy of Capys.)*

HURRAH! for the good weapons
That keep the War-god's land.
Hurrah! for Rome's stout pilum
In a stout Roman hand.
Hurrah! for Rome's short broadsword
That through the thick array
Of levelled spears and serried shields
Hews deep its gory way.

Hurrah! for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah! for the wan captives
That pass in endless file.
Ho! bold Epirotes, whither
Hath the Red King ta'en flight?
Ho! dogs of false Tarentum,
Is not the gown washed white?

Hurrah! for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah! for the rich dye of Tyre,
And the fine web of Nile,
The helmets gay with plumage
Torn from the pheasant's wings,
The belt set thick with starry gems
That shone on Indian kings,
The urns of massy silver,
The goblets rough with gold,
The many-coloured tablets bright
With loves and wars of old,
The stone that breathes and struggles,
The brass that seems to speak;—
Such cunning they who dwell on high
Have given unto the Greek.

Hurrah! for Manius Curius,
The bravest son of Rome,
Thrice in utmost need sent forth,
Thrice drawn in triumph home.
Weave, weave, for Manius Curius
The third embroidered gown:
Make ready the third lofty car,
And twine the third green crown:
And yoke the steeds of Rosea
With necks like a bended bow,
And deck the bull, Mevania's bull,
The bull as white as snow.

Blest and thrice blest the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day,
Who sees that long victorious pomp
Wind down the Sacred Way,
And through the bellowing Forum,
And round the Suppliant's Grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove.

Then where o'er two bright havens
The towers of Corinth frown;
Where the gigantic King of Day
On his own Rhodes looks down;
Where soft Orontes murmurs
Beneath the laurel shades;
Where Nile reflects the endless length
Of dark-red colonnades;
Where in the still deep water,
Sheltered from waves and blasts,
Bristles the dusky forest
Of Byrsa's thousand masts;
Where fur-clad hunters wander
Amidst the northern ice;
Where through the sand of morning-land
The camel bears the spice;

Where Atlas flings his shadow
 Far o'er the western foam,
 Shall be great fear on all who hear
 The mighty name of Rome.

Lord Macaulay.

159

THE TRIUMPH OF THE LYRE

(Empedocles on Etna.)

OH, that Fate had let me see,
 That triumph of the sweet persuasive lyre,
 That famous, final victory
 When jealous Pan with Marsyas did conspire!

When, from far Parnassus' side,
 Young Apollo, all the pride
 Of the Phrygian flutes to tame,
 To the Phrygian highlands came;
 Where the long green reed-beds sway
 In the rippled waters grey
 Of that solitary lake
 Where Mæander's springs are born;
 Where the ridged pine-wooded roots
 Of Messogis westward break,
 Mounting westward, high and higher.
 There was held the famous strife;
 There the Phrygian brought his flutes,
 And Apollo brought his lyre.
 And, when now the westering sun
 Touched the hills, the strife was done,
 And the attentive Muses said:
 'Marsyas, thou art vanquished!'
 Then Apollo's minister
 Hanged upon a branching fir

Marsyas, that unhappy Faun,
And began to whet his knife.
But the Mænads, who were there,
Left their friend, and with robes flowing
In the wind, and loose dark hair
O'er their polished bosoms blowing,
Each her ribboned tambourine
Flinging on the mountain-sod,
With a lovely frightened mien
Came about the youthful God.
But he turned his beauteous face
Haughtily another way,
From the grassy sun-warmed place
Where in proud repose he lay,
With one arm over his head,
Watching how the whetting sped.

But aloof, on the lake-strand,
Did the young Olympus stand,
Weeping at his master's end ;
For the Faun had been his friend.
For he taught him how to sing,
And he taught him flute-playing.
Many a morning had they gone
To the glimmering mountain-lakes,
And had torn up by the roots
The tall crested water-reeds
With long plumes and soft brown seeds,
And had carved them into flutes,
Sitting on a tabled stone
Where the shoreward ripple breaks.
And he taught him how to please
The red-snooded Phrygian girls,
Whom the summer evening sees
Flashing in the dance's whirls
Underneath the starlit trees
In the mountain-villages.

Therefore now Olympus stands,
 At his master's piteous cries
 Pressing fast with both his hands
 His white garment to his eyes,
 Not to see Apollo's scorn ;—
 Ah, poor Faun, poor Faun ! ah, poor Faun !

Matthew Arnold.

160

*THE SONG OF ORPHEUS TO THE
 ARGONAUTS*

(The Life and Death of Jason.)

OH DEATH, that maketh life so sweet,
 Oh fear, with mirth before thy feet,
 What have ye yet in store for us,
 The conquerors, the glorious ?

Men say : ' For fear that thou shouldst die
 To-morrow, let to-day pass by
 Flower-crowned and singing ; ' yet have we
 Passed our to-day upon the sea,
 Or in a poisonous unknown land,
 With fear and death on either hand,
 And listless when the day was done
 Have scarcely hoped to see the sun
 Dawn on the morrow of the earth,
 Nor in our hearts have thought of mirth.
 And while the world lasts, scarce again
 Shall any sons of men bear pain
 Like we have borne, yet be alive.

So surely not in vain we strive
 Like other men for our reward ;
 Sweet peace and deep, the chequered sward
 Beneath the ancient mulberry-trees,
 The smoothed-paved gilded palaces,
 Where the shy thin-clad damsels sweet
 Make music with their gold-ringed feet.

The fountain court amidst of it,
Where the short-haired slave maidens sit,
While on the veined pavement lie
The honied things and spicery
Their arms have borne from out the town.

The dancers on the thymy down
In summer twilight, when the earth
Is still of all things but their mirth,
And echoes borne upon the wind
Of others in like way entwined.

The merchant town's fair market-place,
Where over many a changing face
The pigeons of the temple flit,
And still the outland merchants sit
Like kings above their merchandise,
Lying to foolish men and wise.

Ah! if they heard that we were come
Into the bay, and bringing home
That which all men have talked about,
Some men with rage, and some with doubt
Some with desire, and some with praise,
Then would the people throng the ways,
Nor heed the outland merchandise,
Nor any talk, from fools or wise,
But tales of our accomplished quest.

What soul within the house shall rest
When we come home? The wily king
Shall leave his throne to see the thing;
No man shall keep the landward gate;
The hurried traveller shall wait
Until our bulwarks graze the quay;
Unslain the milk-white bull shall be
Beside the quivering altar-flame;
Scarce shall the maiden clasp for shame
Over her breast the raiment thin
The morn that Argo cometh in.

Then cometh happy life again
That payeth well our toil and pain
In that sweet hour, when all our woe
But as a pensive tale we know,

Nor yet remember deadly fear ;
For surely now if death be near,
Unthought-of is it, and unseen
When sweet is, that hath bitter been.

William Morris.

161

RUTH

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweethearts of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened ;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ;—
Then she stood amid the stooks
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean ;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

Thomas Hood.

162

ROSE AYLMER

AH, what avails the sceptered race!
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Walter Savage Landor.

163

CHILDREN OF NATURE

(The Song of Hiawatha.)

YE who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this song of Hiawatha!
Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,

Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken ;—
Listen to this Indian legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened ;—
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls grey with mosses,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter ;—
Stay and read this rude inscription !
Read this Song of Hiawatha !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



164

MEMORIAL VERSES

(April, 1850.)

GOETHE in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.
But one such death remained to come ;
The last poetic voice is dumb—
We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb.

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bowed our head and held our breath.
He taught us little ; but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll.
With shivering heart the strife we saw
Of passion with eternal law ;
And yet with reverential awe
We watched the fount of fiery life
Which served for that Titanic strife.

When Goethe's death was told, we said :
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
Physician of the iron age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage.
He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear ;
And stuck his finger on the place,
And said : *Thou ailest here, and here !*
He looked on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power ;
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
The turmoil of expiring life—
He said : *The end is everywhere,*
Art still has truth, take refuge there !
And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness.

And Wordsworth!—Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice
For never has such soothing voice
Been to your shadowy world conveyed,
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shad
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
Wordsworth has gone from us—and ye,
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we!
He too upon a wintry clime
Had fallen—on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth,
Smiles broke from us and we had ease;
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth returned; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.

Ah! since dark days still bring to light
Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
Others will teach us how to dare,
And against fear our breast to steel;
Others will strengthen us to bear—
But who, ah, who will make us feel?
The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
Oh Rotha, with thy living wave!
Sing him thy best! for few or none
Hear thy voice right, now he is gone.

Matthew Arnold.

165

THE POETS OF ANCIENT GREECE

(Wine of Cyprus.)

Go,—let others praise the Chian!
This is soft as Muses' string,
This is tawny as Rhea's lion,
This is rapid as his spring,
Bright as Paphia's eyes e'er met us,
Light as ever trod her feet;
And the brown bees of Hymettus
Make their honey not so sweet.

Very copious are my praises,
Though I sip it like a fly!
Ah—but, sipping,—times and places
Change before me suddenly:
As Ulysses' old libation
Drew the ghosts from every part,
So your Cyprus wine, dear Grecian,
Stirs the Hades of my heart.

And I think of those long mornings
Which my thoughts go far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
Solemn flowed the rythmic Greek:
Past the pane the mountain spreading,
Swept the sheep-bell's tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading,
Somewhat low for *ais* and *ous*.

Then, what golden hours were for us!
While we sat together there,
How the white vests of the chorus
Seem to wave up a live air!
How the cothurns trod majestic
Down the deep iambic lines,
And the rolling anapæstic
Curled like vapour over shrines!

Oh, our Æschylus, the thunderous,
How he drove the bolted breath
Through the cloud, to wedge it ponderous
In the gnarlèd oak beneath!
Oh, our Sophocles, the royal,
Who was born to monarch's place,
And who made the whole world loyal,
Less by kingly power than grace!

Our Euripides, the human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touches of things common
Till they rose to touch the spheres!
Our Theocritus, our Bion,
And our Pindar's shining goals!—
These were cup-bearers undying,
Of the wine that's meant for souls.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

OH, to be in England now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England sees, some
morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's
edge—
That's the wise thrush: he sings each song twice
over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
And will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

Robert Browning.

167

THE SWEET OF THE YEAR

(Thyrsis.)

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden-walks and all the grassy floor
With blossoms red and white of fallen May
And chestnut-flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vexed garden-
trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing
breeze,
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!
Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,

Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

Matthew Arnold.

168

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

Welcome, wild North-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr,
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter!
O'er the German foam,
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day:
Jovial wind of winter
Turn us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds;
Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.

Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark! The brave North-easter!
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.
Who can over-ride you?
Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lover's sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen!
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas.
But the black North-easter,
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea!

Come, and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew,
Blow, thou wind of God !

Charles Kingsley.

169

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR

'SPEAK, speak, thou fearful guest,
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armour drest,
Comest to daunt me !
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?'

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December ;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

'I was a Viking old !
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee !
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse !
For this I sought thee.

'Far in the Northern land
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the ger-falcon ;
And, with my skates fast bound
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
 Trembled to walk on.

'Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
 Fled like a shadow ;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
 Sang from the meadow.

'But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
 With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led ;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
 By our stern orders.

'Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out ;
Often our midnight shout
 Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
 Filled to o'erflowing.

'Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning yet tender ;

And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendour.

'I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest,
By the hawk frightened.

'Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

'While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

'She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight?
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

'Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she

 Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white-sea strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen.

'Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us ;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

'And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
 Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel ;
Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water!

'As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden ;
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane
 Bore I the maiden.

'Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward ;

There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward.

'There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
 On such another!

'Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon the spear,
 Oh, death was grateful!

'Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison-bars,
Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal, to the Northland, *Skoal*!
 —Thus the tale ended.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

170

THE LAST BUCCANEER

THE winds were yelling, the waves were swelling,
The skies were black and drear,
When the crew with eyes of flame brought the ship
without a name
Alongside the last Buccaneer.

‘Whence flies your sloop full sail before so fierce
a gale,
When all others drive bare on the seas?
Say, come ye from the shore of the holy Salvador,
Or the gulf of the rich Caribbees?’

‘From a shore no search hath found, from a gulf
no line can sound,
Without rudder or needle we steer;
Above, below our bark die the sea-fowl and the shark,
As we fly by the last Buccaneer.

‘To-night there shall be heard on the rocks of
Cape de Verde
A loud crash and a louder roar;
And to-morrow shall the deep with a heavy moan-
ing sweep
The corpses and wreck to the shore.’

The stately ship of Clyde securely now may ride
In the breath of the citron shades;
And Severn’s towering mast securely now flies fast,
Through the sea of the balmy Trades.

From St. Jago’s wealthy port, from Havanna’s
royal fort,
The seaman goes forth without fear;
For since that stormy night not a mortal hath had
sight
Of the flag of the last Buccaneer.

Lord Macaulay.

171

*THE KNIGHT'S LEAP**(A Legend of Altenahr.)*

'So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine ;
And the water is spent and gone ?
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine :
I never shall drink but this one.

'And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse,
And lead him me round to the door :
He must take such a leap to-night perforce,
As horse never took before.

'I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
I have drunk my share of wine ;
From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
Led a merrier life than mine.

'I have lived by the saddle for years two score ;
And if I must die on tree,
Then the old saddle-tree, which has borne me of
yore,
Is the properest timber for me.

'So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
How the Altenahr hawk can die :
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly.'

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door ;
And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine,
As man never drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
And he leapt him out over the wall ;
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
With never a bone in him whole—
A mass or a prayer now, good gentlemen,
For such a bold rider's soul.

Charles Kingsley.

172

KILLIECRANKIE

(The Burial March of Dundee.)

ON the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay,
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way ;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the pass was wrapt in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
And we proved them to be true ;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die !
Then our leader rode before us
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight !—
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose ;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
'Soldiers! I have sworn a vow :
Ere the evening star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,

Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his country and King James!
Think upon the Royal Martyr—
Think of what his race endure—
Think of him whom butchers murdered
On the field of Magus Muir:—
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
By the ruined hearth and shrine—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
By your injuries and mine—
Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they covenanting traitors,
Or the brood of false Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honour
Is not to be bought or sold,
That we scorn their prince's anger
As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest,
Search for him that was Dundee!'

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
Burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath;

For their souls were strong within them,
Stronger than the grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
Sounding in the pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe.
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum.
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the plain beneath.
Then we bounded from our covert.—
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armed men!
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald,
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
Vainly sped the withering volley
'Mongst the foremost of our band—
On we poured until we met them,
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done!

And the evening star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer.
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Passed the spirit of the Græme!

William Edmonstoune Aytoun.

173

THE CHARGE OF THE ROMANS

(The Battle of the Lake Regillus.)

'ROME to the charge!' cried Aulus;
'The foe begins to yield!
Charge for the hearth of Vesta!
Charge for the Golden Shield!
Let no man stop to plunder,
But slay, and slay, and slay;
The Gods who live for ever
Are on our side to-day!'

Then the fierce trumpet-flourish
From earth to heaven arose,
The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close.

Then the good sword of Aulus
Was lifted up to slay ;
Then, like a crag down Apennine,
Rushed Auster through the fray.
But under those strange horsemen
Still thicker grew the slain ;
And after those strange horses
Black Auster toiled in vain.
Behind them Rome's long battle
Came rolling on the foe,
Ensigns dancing wild above,
Blades all in line below.
So comes the Po in flood-time
Upon the Celtic plain ;
So comes the squall, blacker than night,
Upon the Adrian main.
Now, by our Sire Quirinus,
It was a goodly sight
To see the thirty standards
Swept down the tide of flight.
So flies the spray of Adria
When the black squall doth blow ;
So corn-sheaves in the flood-time
Spin down the whirling Po.
False Sextus to the mountains
Turned first his horse's head ;
And fast fled Terentinum,
And fast Lanuvium fled.
The horsemen of Nomentum
Spurred hard out of the fray ;
The footmen of Velitræ
Threw shield and spear away ;
And underfoot was trampled,
Amidst the mud and gore,
The banner of proud Tusculum
That never stooped before.
And down went Flavius Faustus,
Who led his stately ranks
From where the apple-blossoms wave
On Anio's echoing banks ;

And Tullus of Arpinum,
Chief of the Volscian aids ;
And Metius with the long fair curls,
The love of Anxur's maids ;
And the white head of Vulso,
The great Arician seer ;
And Nepos of Laurentum,
The hunter of the deer ;
And in the back false Sextus
Felt the good Roman steel,
And wriggling in the dust he died,
Like a worm beneath the wheel.
And flyers and pursuers
Were mingled in a mass ;
And far away the battle
Went roaring through the pass.

Lord Macaulay.

174

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry
old and brown ;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it
watches o'er the town.
As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty
tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the
weeds of widowhood.
Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with
streams and vapours gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast
the landscape lay.
At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys,
here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished
ghost-like into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morn-
ing hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient
tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the
swallows wild and high,
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more
distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the
olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the
melancholy chimes.

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the
nuns sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the
chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms
filled my brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the
earth again!

All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin
Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de
Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those
days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who
bore the Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden
argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal
pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on
the ground ;

I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk
and hound ;

And her lighted bridal chamber, where a duke slept
with the queen,

And the armed guard around them, and the sword
unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and
Juliers bold,

Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the
Spurs of Gold ;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods
moving West,

Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden
Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with
terror smote ;

And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's
throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and
dike of sand,

'I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in
the land !'

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The
awakened city's roar

Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into
their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes ; and, before
I was aware,

Lo, the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-
illumined square !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

175

THE PICTURE-GALLERIES AT MUNICH

(Dover to Munich.)

THERE, the long dim galleries threading
May the artist's eye behold,
Breathing from the deathless canvas,
Records of the years of old.

Pallas there, and Jove, and Juno
Take once more their walks abroad,
Under Titian's fiery woodlands
And the saffron skies of Claude.

There the Amazons of Rubens
Lift the failing arm to strike,
And the pale light falls in masses
On the horsemen of Vandyke.

And in Berghem's pools reflected
Hang the cattle's graceful shapes,
And Murillo's soft boy-faces
Laugh amid the Seville grapes.

And all purest, loveliest fancies
That in poets' souls may dwell
Started into shape and substance
At the touch of Raphael.

Lo, her wan arms folded meekly,
And the glory of her hair
Falling as a robe around her,
Kneels the Magdalen in prayer.

And the white-robed Virgin-mother
Smiles, as centuries back she smiled,
Half in gladness, half in wonder,
On the calm face of her Child.

And that mighty Judgment-vision
 Tells how man essayed to climb
 Up the ladder of the ages,
 Past the frontier-walls of Time ;

Heard the trumpet-echoes rolling
 Thro' the phantom-peopled sky,
 And the still voice bid this mortal
 Put on immortality.

Charles Stuart Calverley.

176

THE MASTER-BUILDER

(The Problem.)

NOT from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought ;
 Never from lips of cunning fell
 The thrilling Delphic oracle ;
 Out from the heart of Nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old ;
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below,—
 The canticles of love and woe ;
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
 Wrought in a sad sincerity ;
 Himself from God he could not free ;
 He builded better than he knew,—
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Knowst thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
 Of leaves and feathers from her breast?
 Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
 Painting with morn each annual cell?

Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone;
And Morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbey bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For out of Thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adapted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sybils told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

177

TO HELEN

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicèan barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

Edgar Allan Poe.

178

THE SWAN-NECK

EVIL sped the battle-play
On the Pope Calixtus' day;
Mighty war-smiths, thanes and lords,
In Senlac slept the sleep of swords.
Harold Earl, shot over shield,
Lay along the autumn weald;
Slaughter such was never none
Since the Ethelings England won.
Thither Lady Githa came,
Weeping sore for grief and shame;
How may she her first-born tell?
Frenchman stripped him where he fell,

Gashed and marred his comely face ;
Who can know him in his place ?

Up and spake two brethren wise :
'Youngest hearts have keenest eyes ;
Bird which leaves its mother's nest,
Moult its pinions, moults its crest.
Let us call the Swan-neck here,
She that was his leman dear ;
She shall know him in this stound ;
Foot of wolf, and scent of hound,
Eye of hawk, and wing of dove
Carry woman to her love.'

Up and spake the Swan-neck high :
'Go ! to all your thanes let cry
How I loved him best of all,
I whom men his leman call ;
Better knew his body fair
Than the mother which him bare.
When ye lived in wealth and glee,
Then ye scorned to look on me ;
God hath brought the proud ones low
After me afoot to go !'

Rousing erne and sallow glede,
Rousing grey wolf off his feed,
Over franklin, earl, andthane,
Heaps of mother-naked slain,
Round the red field tracing slow,
Stooped that Swan-neck white as snow ;
Never blushed nor turned away,
Till she found him where he lay ;
Clipped him in her armès fair,
Wrapped him in her yellow hair,
Bore him from the battle-stead,
Saw him laid in pall of lead,
Took her to a minster high,
For Earl Harold's soul to cry.

Charles Kingsley.

179

FAIR INES

OH saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest:
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek
And pearls upon her breast.

Oh turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivalled bright;
And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whispered thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;—
It would have been a beauteous dream
—If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, farewell
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

Thomas Hood.

180

HOW LORD NAIRN WAS SAVED

As, under eddying Baltic flaws,
Which chase the soft south-west away,
Through each rash blossom, flame-like, gnaws
The icy blight of May—
So Fortune, with a bitter breath,
(Just as her beauty budded forth),
Swept, cankered into dusty death,
Our white rose of the north.
Whilst names, which seemed oak-rooted in their
place,
Like homeless winds, went fleeting into space.

Caerlaverock's halls in silence stand,
And 'Kenmure's lads are men' in vain;
The best blood of Northumberland
Makes rich the London rain.

In ghastly sympathy with him
Whose feet shall cross its bridge no more,
Dilstone's weird moat, an omen grim,
Flows, dark with phantom gore.
Long shall each Cumbrian boer recall the sign,
Which boded ruin to that ancient line.

A prince, who speaks no English, spares
None that have loyal blood to shed ;
Still, not throughout that clique of theirs,
Is English impulse dead.
When to his block the Elector vowed
Bold Nairn's unshrinking head to give,
Stanhope, in generous anger loud,
Swore that his friend should live ;
That neither title, pension, place, nor star,
Should buy, from him, that head for Temple-Bar.

Sleek Walpole strove in vain to bring
His bribes to bear ; in vain the lout,
Whom Whigs now call an English king,
Threw German oaths about.
Back from the fields of boyhood came
The past, with all its hopes, once more ;
The passion of each hard-fought game,
The rustling of the oar,
As, where the yellow river-lilies float,
Round the tall rushes whirled their eager boat.

Once more he sees two lads, at eve,
Who dream of glory, side by side ;
Each wild web that their fancies weave,
Too loving then to hide.
Under the whispering elms they walk,
With arms around each other twined,
And, rapt into the future, talk,
To future sorrow blind :
Then pale that well-known face seemed hovering
nigh,
And blood-drops fell, as some one raised it high.

'I brook on this point no control,'
He shouted: 'seek not to reply:
For by that God, who made the soul,
I will not have him die.
What, use me, ruthless as a tool,
To slay my earliest friend? Our names
Are cut together in the school,
Together at my dame's;
Half of my past is his, half his is mine;
I will not hear it argued,—I resign!'

When that word thundered through the throng
Of supple slaves, they could not choose;
A soldier-statesman he, too strong
For clerks like them to lose.
So Walpole with the heart of stone,
Before that righteous outbreak bent,
And George, like dog forced from his bone,
Growled forth a grim consent.
Our turn will come—we must not then forget
One rebel, true to Eton memories yet.

Sir Francis Doyle.

181

CULLODEN

*(Charles Edward at Versailles on the Anniversary
of Culloden.)*

LET the shadows gather round me
While I sit in silence here,
Broken-hearted, as an orphan
Watching by his father's bier.
Let me hold my still communion
Far from every earthly sound—
Day of penance, day of passion,
Ever as the year comes round;

Fatal day, whereon the latest
Die was cast for me and mine!
Cruel day, that quelled the fortunes
Of the hapless Stuart line!
Phantom-like, as in a mirror,
Rise the grisly scenes of death—
There, before me, in its wildness,
Stretches bare Culloden's heath;
There the broken clans are scattered,
Gaunt as wolves and famine-eyed,
Hunger gnawing at their vitals,
Hope abandoned, all but pride,—
Pride, and that supreme devotion
Which the Southron never knew,
And the hatred, deeply rankling,
'Gainst the Hanoverian crew.
Oh my God! are these the remnants,
These the wrecks of the array,
That around the royal standard
Gathered on the glorious day
When, in deep Glenfinnan's valley,
Thousands on their bended knees
Saw once more that stately ensign
Waving in the northern breeze!
When the noble Tullibardine
Stood beneath its weltering fold,
With the Ruddy Lion ramping
In its field of tressured gold!
When the mighty heart of Scotland,
All too big to slumber more,
Burst in wrath and exultation
Like a huge volcano's roar!
There they stand, the battered columns,
Underneath the murky sky,
In the hush of desperation,
Not to conquer, but to die.
Hark! the bagpipe's fitful wailing,—
Not the pibroch loud and shrill
That, with hope of bloody banquet,
Lured the ravens from the hill—

But a dirge both low and solemn,
Fit for ears of dying men,
Marshall'd for their latest battle,
Never more to fight again!

Madness, madness!—Why this shrinking?

Were we less inured to war
When our reapers swept the harvest
From the field of red Dunbar?
Bring my horse, and blow the trumpet!
Call the riders of Fitz-James!

Let Lord Lewis head the column!
Valiant chiefs of mighty names—

Trusty Keppoch, stout Glengarry,
Gallant Gordon, wise Lochiel,
Bid the clansmen hold together,
Fast and fell, and firm as steel!

Elcho, never look so gloomy!

What avails a saddened brow?
Heart, man, heart! We need it sorely,
Never half so much as now.

Had we but a thousand troopers,
Had we but a thousand more—

Noble Perth, I hear them coming!

Hark, the English cannons' roar!

God! how awful sounds that volley,
Bellowing through the mist and rain!

Was not that the Highland slogan?

Let me hear that shout again!

Oh for prophet eyes to witness

How the desperate battle goes!—

Cumberland, I would not fear thee,

Could my Camerons see their foes!

Sound, I say, the charge at venture—

'Tis not naked steel we fear,—

Better perish in the mêlée

Than be shot like driven deer!

Hold! the mist begins to scatter!

There in front 'tis rent asunder,

And the cloudy bastion crumbles
 Underneath the deafening thunder.
 There I see the scarlet gleaming!
 Now, Macdonald, now or never!—
 Woe is me, the clans are broken!
 Father, thou art lost for ever!

William Edmonstoune Aytoun.

182

EPITAPH ON A JACOBITE

To my true king I offered, free from stain,
 Courage and faith; vain faith and courage vain.
 For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
 And one dear hope that was more prized than they.
 For him I languished in a foreign clime,
 Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;
 Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
 And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
 Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
 Each morning started from the dream to weep.
 Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
 The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
 Oh thou, whom chance leads to this nameless
 stone,
 From that proud country which was once mine
 own,
 By those white cliffs I never more must see,
 By that dear language which I spake like thee,
 Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
 O'er English dust—A broken heart lies here.

Lord Macaulay.

183

THE BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell ;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone ;
An image of the silver lakes
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, grey forest ; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head ;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid ;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death-dirge of the slain ;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came ; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief—they freed
Beside the grave his battle-steed ;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart ! One piercing neigh
Arose,—and, on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

184

*HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS
FROM GHENT TO AIX*

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
'Good speed !' cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew ;
'Speed !' echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place ;

How they brought the Good News from Ghent 293

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
half-chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, 'Yet there is time !'

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear
bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his
track ;

And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master,
askance !

And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and
anon

His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, 'Stay
spur !

'Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault 's not in her,
'We'll remember at Aix'—for one heard the quick
wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And 'Gallop,' gasped Joris, 'for Aix is in sight!

'How they'll greet us!'—and all in a moment his
roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise,
bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of
wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

Robert Browning.

185

THE OLD BUCCANEER

OH England is a pleasant place for them that's
rich and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks
as I;
And such a port for mariners I shall ne'er see
again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish
Main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift
and stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannons
round about;
And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair
and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them
loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his
hoards of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian
folk of old;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as
hard as stone,
Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve
them to the bone.

Oh the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that
shone like gold,
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to
behold;
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast
did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from
sea.

Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward
breeze
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the
trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to
the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never
touched the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things
must be;
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put
down were we.
All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the
booms at night;
And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the
fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass
beside,
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young
thing she died;
But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg
until I die.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell
where;
One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be
worse off there:
If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the
main,
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once
again.

Charles Kingsley.

186

THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS

(July 9th, 1856.)

YES, they return—but who return?
The many or the few?
Clothed with a name, in vain the same,
Face after face is new.

We know how beat the drum to muster,
We heard the cheers of late,
As that red storm, in haste to form,
Burst through each barrack-gate.

The first proud mass of English manhood,
A very sea of life,
With strength untold, was Eastward rolled,—
How ebbs it back from strife?

The steps that scaled the heights of Alma
Wake but faint echoes here;
The flags we sent come back, though rent,
For other hands to rear.

Through shouts, that hail the shattered banner,
Home from proud onsets led,
Through the glad roar, which greets once more
Each bronzed and bearded head,

Hushed voices, from the earth beneath us,
Thrill on the summer air,
And claim a part of England's heart
For those who are not there.

Not only these have marched from battle
Into the realms of peace—
A home attained—a haven gained,
Where wars and tumults cease.

Whilst thick on Alma's blood-stained river
The war-smoke lingered still,
A long, low beat of unseen feet
Rose from her vine-clad hill ;

By a swift change to music, nobler
Than e'er was heard by man,
From those red banks the gathered ranks
That other march began.

On, on, through wild and wondrous regions
Echoed their iron tread,
Whilst voices old before them rolled—
'Make way for Alma's dead.'

Like mighty winds before them ever,
Those ancient voices rolled ;
Swept from their track, huge bars run back,
And giant gates unfold ;

Till, to the inmost home of heroes
They led that hero line,
Where with a flame no years can tame
The stars of honour shine.

As forward stepped each fearless soldier,
So stately, firm, and tall,
Wide, wide outflung, grim plaudits rung
On through that endless hall.

Next, upon gloomy phantom chargers,
The self-devoted came,
Who rushed to die, without reply,
For duty, not for fame.

Then, from their place of ancient glory,
All sheathed in shining brass,
Three hundred men, of the Grecian glen,
Marched down to see them pass.

And the long-silent flutes of Sparta
Poured haughty welcome forth,
Stern hymns to crown, with just renown,
Her brethren of the North.

Yet louder at the solemn portal,
The trumpet floats and waits ;
And still more wide, in living pride,
Fly back the golden gates.

And those from Inkerman swarm onwards,
Who made the dark fight good—
One man to nine, till their thin line
Lay, where at first it stood.

But, though cheered high by mailèd millions,
Their steps were faint and slow,
In each proud face the eye might trace
A sign of coming woe.

A coming woe which deepened ever,
As down that darkening road,
Our bravest, tossed to plague and frost,
In streams of ruin flowed.

All through that dim despairing winter,
Too noble to complain,
Bands hunger-worn, in raiment torn,
Came, not by foemen slain.

And patient, from the sullen trenches
Crowds sunk, by toil and cold—
Then murmurs slow, like thunders low,
Wailed through the brave of old.

Wrath glided o'er the Hall of Heroes,
Anguish, and shame, and scorn,
As clouds that drift breathe darkness swift
O'er seas of shining corn.

Wrath glided o'er the Hall of Heroes,
 And veiled it like a pall,
 Whilst all felt fear, lest they should hear
 The Lion-banner fall.

And if unstained that ancient banner
 Keep yet its place of pride,
 Let none forget how vast the debt
 We owe to those who died.

Let none forget THE OTHERS, marching
 With steps we feel no more,
 Whose bodies sleep, by that grim deep
 Which shakes the Euxine shore.

Sir Francis Doyle.

187

THE END OF ALL

(From the Persian of Omar Khayyam.)

THE worldly hope men set their hearts upon
 Turns ashes,—or it prospers ; and anon,
 Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
 Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

Think in this battered caravanserai
 Whose portals are alternate night and day,
 How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp
 Abode his destined hour, and went his way.

They say the lion and the lizard keep
 The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep ;
 And Bahram, that great hunter—the wild ass
 Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled ;
 That every hyacinth the garden wears
 Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head.

And this reviving herb whose tender green
Fledges the river-lip on which we lean,—

Ah, lean upon it lightly, for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen !

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regret and future fears :

To-morrow !—why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling Time hath prest,

Have drunk their cup a round or two, before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,

Ourselves must we beneath the couch of earth
Descend—ourselves to make a couch—for whom ?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the dust descend ;

Dust into dust, and under dust, to lie
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and—sans end !

Edward FitzGerald.

188

SPRING

(Pippa Passes.)

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn ;
Morning's at seven ;
The hill-side's dew-pearled ;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn ;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.

Robert Browning.

189

THE TIDE-RIVER

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool ;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming weir ;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undeiled, for the undeiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl ;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ;
Darker and darker the farther I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow ;
Who dare sport with the sin-deiled ?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea.
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Undeiled, for the undeiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Charles Kingsley.

190

OLD FAVOURITES

(Poor Matthias.)

POOR Matthias! Would'st thou have
More than pity, claim'st a stave?
Friends more near us than a bird
We dismissed without a word.
Rover, with the good brown head,
Great Atossa, they are dead;
Dead, and neither prose nor rhyme
Tells the praises of their prime.
Thou didst know them old and grey,
Know them in their sad decay.
Thou hast seen Atossa sage
Sit for hours beside thy cage;
Thou would'st chirp, thou foolish bird,
Flutter, chirp—she never stirred!
What were now these toys to her?
Down she sank amid her fur;
Eyed thee with a soul resigned—
And thou deemedst cats were kind!
True, but composed and bland,
Dumb, inscrutable, and grand,
So Tiberius might have sat,
Had Tiberius been a cat.

Rover died—Atossa too.
Less than they to us are you!
Nearer human were their powers,
Closer knit their life with ours.
Hands had stroked them which are cold
Now for years, in churchyard mould;
Comrades of our past were they,
Of that unreturning day.
Changed and aging, they and we
Dwelt, it seemed, in sympathy.

Alway from their presence broke
 Somewhat which remembrance woke
 Of the loved, the lost, the young—
 Yet they died, and died unsung.

Geist came next, our little friend ;
 Geist had verse to mourn his end.
 Yes, but that enforcement strong
 Which compelled for Geist a song—
 All that gay courageous cheer,
 All that human pathos dear ;
 Soul-fed eyes with suffering worn,
 Pain heroically borne,
 Faithful love in depth divine—
 Poor Matthias, were they thine?

Matthew Arnold.

191

THE VICAR

SOME years ago, ere time and taste
 Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
 When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
 And roads as little known as scurvy,
 The man who lost his way, between
 St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
 Was always shown across the green,
 And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath ;
 Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
 Led the lorn traveller up the path,
 Through clean-clipped rows of box and myrtle ;
 And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
 Upon the parlour-steps collected,
 Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
 'Our master knows you—you're expected.'

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,
Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow ;
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow ;
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in court or college,
He had not gained an honest friend
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses :
It slipped from politics to puns,
It passed from Mahomet to Moses ;
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
Of loud Dissent the mortal terror ;
And when, by dint of page and line,
He 'stablished truth, or startled error,
The Baptist found him far too deep,
The Deist sighed with saving sorrow,
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said or showed
That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious
Without refreshment on the road
From Jerome, or from Athanasius :

And sure a righteous zeal inspired
The hand and head that penned and planned
them,
For all who understood admired,
And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
Small treatises, and smaller verses,
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
And hints to noble Lords—and nurses ;
True histories of last year's ghost,
Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,
And trifles for the Morning Post,
And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking ;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking ;
And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage :
At his approach complaint grew mild ;
And when his hands unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus ;
From him I learned the Rule of Three,
Cat's cradle, leap-frog, and *Quæ genus* ;
I used to singe his powdered wig,
To steal the staff he put such trust in,
And make the puppy dance a jig,
When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change! in vain I look
For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled;
The church is larger than before:
You reach it by a carriage-entry;
It holds three hundred people more,
And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid? Look down,
And construe on the slab before you:

*Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown,
Vir nullâ non donandus lauru.*

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

192

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

I gaze upon a city,—
A city new and strange—
Down many a watery vista
My fancy takes a range;
From side to side I saunter,
And wonder where I am;
And can *you* be in England,
And *I* at Rotterdam!

Before me lie dark waters
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep;

A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am ;
Yes, yes, you are in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Tall houses with quaint gables,
Where frequent windows shine,
And quays that lead to bridges,
And trees in formal line,
And masts of spicy vessels
From western Surinam,
All tell me you're in England,
But I'm in Rotterdam.

Those sailors, how outlandish
The face and form of each !
They deal in foreign gestures,
And use a foreign speech ;
A tongue not learned near Isis,
Or studied by the Cam,
Declares that you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market
My doubtful way I trace,
Where stands a solemn statue,
The genius of the place ;
And to the great Erasmus
I offer my salaam ;
Who tells me you're in England,
But I'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee-room is open,
I mingle in its crowd ;
The dominos are noisy,
The hookahs raise a cloud ;
The flavour now of Fearon's,
That mingles with my dram,
Reminds me you're in England,
And I'm at Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper—
The toast it shall be mine,
In schiedam, or in sherry,
Tokay, or hock of Rhine ;
It well deserves the brightest,
Where sunbeam ever swam—
The Girl I love in England
I drink at Rotterdam !

Thomas Hood.

193

JENNY

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in !
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

Leigh Hunt.

194

SCHOOL AND SCHOOLFELLOWS

Floreat Etona.

TWELVE years ago I made a mock
Of filthy trades and traffics ;
I wondered what they meant by stock ;
I wrote deligthful Sapphics ;
I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
I supped with Fates and Furies,—
Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago!—How many a thought
Of faded pains and pleasures
Those whispered syllables have brought
From Memory's hoarded treasures!
The fields, the farms, the bats, the books,
The glories and disgraces,
The voices of dear friends, the looks
Of old familiar faces!

Kind Mater smiles again to me,
As bright as when we parted;
I seem again the frank, the free,
Stout-limbed and simple-hearted!
Pursuing every idle dream,
And shunning every warning;
With no hard work but Bovney stream,
No chill except Long Morning:

Now stopping Harry Vernon's ball
That rattled like a rocket;
Now hearing Wentworth's 'Fourteen all!'
And striking for the pocket;
Now feasting on a cheese and fitch,
Now drinking from the pewter;
Now leaping over Chalvey ditch,
Now laughing at my tutor.

Where are my friends? I am alone;
No playmate shares my beaker:
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some—before the Speaker;
And some compose a tragedy,
And some compose a rondo,
And some draw swords for Liberty,
And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes
Without the fear of sessions;
Charles Medlar loathed false quantities,
As much as false professions;

Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic ;
And Medlar's feet repose unscanned
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
Does Dr. Martext's duty ;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
Is married to a Beauty ;
And Darrell studies, week by week,
His Mant, and not his Manton ;
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight and twenty now ;—
The world's cold chains have bound me ;
And darker shades are on my brow,
And sadder scenes around me.
In Parliament I fill my seat,
With many other noodles,
And lay my head in Jermyn Street,
And sip my hock at Boodle's.

But often, when the cares of life
Have set my temples aching,
When visions haunt me of a wife,
When duns await my waking,
When Lady Jane is in a pet,
Or Hoby in a hurry,
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
Or Beaulieu spoils a curry,—

For hours and hours I think and talk
Of each remembered hobby ;
I long to lounge in Poet's Walk,
To shiver in the lobby ;
I wish that I could run away
From House and Court and Levee,
Where bearded men appear to-day
Just Eton boys grown heavy,—

That I could bask in childhood's sun
And dance o'er childhood's roses,
And find huge wealth in one pound one,
Vast wit in broken noses,
And play Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
And call the milk-maids Houris,—
That I could be a boy again,
A happy boy, at Drury's.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

195

YOUTH AND AGE

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green ;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen ;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away ;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown ;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down ;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among :
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.

Charles Kingsley.

196

THE GARRET

(From the French of Béranger.)

WITH pensive eyes the little room I view,
Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long ;
With a wild mistress, a staunch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song :
Making a mock of life, and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes, 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—
There was my bed—full hard it was and small ;
My table there—and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys, that time hath swept with him away,
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun ;
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
And distant cannon opened on our ears :
We rise,—we join in the triumphant strain,—
Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone—the place is sad and strange—
How far, far off, these happy times appear ;
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here—

To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one!

William Makepeace Thackeray.

197

NIGHT AND MORNING

(Stanzas written in Sickness.)

FAREWELL Life! my senses swim,
And the world is growing dim:
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapour chill;
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome Life! the Spirit strives!
Strength returns and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!

Thomas Hood.

198

A DAY OF SUNSHINE

OH gift of God ! Oh perfect day,
Whereon shall no man work, but play,
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be !

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies ;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds, and waft through all the rooms
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms !
Blow, winds, and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach !

Oh Life and Love! Oh happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!
Oh heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

199

THE MEETING

SOME future day when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams
away,
We'll meet again upon some future day.

When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
As tall rank weeds will climb the blade above,
When all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world and learned what's now unknown,
Have made life clear and worked out each a way,
We'll meet again—we shall have much to say.

With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll review,
Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
And meet again on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed, ye winds and waters say,
Meet yet again, upon some future day?

Arthur Hugh Clough.

200

A FAREWELL

(To C. E. G.)

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe in skies so dull and grey ;
Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you,
For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down,
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever ;
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long ;
And so make Life, and Death, and that For Ever,
One grand sweet song.

Charles Kingsley.

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NOTES

- No. 6. These verses were first printed in *England's Helicon* (1600), where the signature is *Ignoto*. They were also printed in Walton's *Compleat Angler* (1653) as "made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days."
- „ 9. *Neat*, an ox or cow. *Round*, a dance. *Wake*, a fair. *Quintels*, a game in which a post was tilted at with poles, probably something analogous to the mounted pastime of riding at the *quintin*. *Morris-dance*, a dance derived through Spain from the Moors (*Morisco*, or in French *Morisque*); it was very popular during the sixteenth century in England, where it seems to have become united with an older pageant commemorative of Robin Hood and Maid Marian; it was still practised in some parts of England, though in a much modified form, in the early years of the present century: see Chambers's *Book of Days*, i, 630-33. *Fox-in-the-hole*, a game in which boys hopped on one leg and lashed each other with whips; possibly a more robust form of hop-scotch. *Cockrood*, probably a road, or run for woodcocks.
- „ 11. *Sheaf*, character, disposition.
- „ 12. *Mood*, measure, musical accompaniment. *Recorders*, a kind of flute or flageolet. *Amerced*, deprived.
- „ 13. *Pelting*, paltry.
- „ 15. *Daffed*, put aside with scorn. *Estridges*, hawks.
- „ 16. *Skeely skipper*, a good sailor. *Lift*, the sky. *Gurly*, threatening, rough. *Aboon*, above.

Kaims, combs. See the notes to this ballad in Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

- No. 17. The friend commemorated in this elegy was Edward King, Milton's contemporary at Cambridge. *Sisters of the sacred well*, the Muses, believed to frequent the Pierian spring at the foot of Mount Olympus. *Battening*, refreshing. *Mona* and *Deva*, Anglesey and the river Dee; these places are introduced as being near the scene of the shipwreck. *Arethuse* and *Mincius*, a Sicilian fountain and an Italian river, mentioned in allusion to the pastoral poetry of Theocritus and Virgil; Mantua, Virgil's birthplace, is on the banks of the Mincius (now Mincio). *Oat*, pipe, or flute. *Hippotadès*, Æolus, the god of the winds. *Panopè*, one of the Nereids. *Swart star*, the Dog-star. *Rathe*, early. *Bellerus*, apparently created by Milton to personify Belerium, the ancient name of the Land's End. *The great vision of the guarded mount*; Namancos (now Mujio) and Bayona, two towns in Galicia, in the north-west corner of Spain, are selected as representing the land due south of Saint Michael's Mount, off the Cornish coast, towards which therefore it may be said to look.
- „ 18. Cromwell returned from Ireland in 1650. *A bleeding head*; when the foundations of the Roman Capitol were being dug, in the reign of the first Tarquin, a human head was found, which the augurs interpreted as a sign that the Capitoline Hill should become the head of all the earth.
- „ 21. *Saint Crispin's Day*; the battle of Agincourt was fought on October 25th, 1415, when the English, under Henry the Fifth, totally defeated a greatly superior French force under the Constable D'Albret.
- „ 24. Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, succeeded the Earl of Leicester as commander of the English forces in the Netherlands in

1588. Sir John (popularly known as Black John) Norris, was the son of Lord Norris of Rycot, and one of the most famous soldiers of his time; in Fuller's *Worthies of England* he and his five brothers are called "Chickens of Mars." It is not known to what particular engagement the battle refers.

- No. 26. *Lyly*, John Lyly (1554 ?-1606), dramatist and miscellaneous writer, is remembered chiefly for his *Euphues*, a work written in an affected, pedantic prose, whence came the terms *Euphuism* and *Euphuists*, signifying any such style and the persons who use it. These affectations, which were very fashionable at Elizabeth's Court for a while, have been mimicked by Sir Walter Scott in the character of Sir Piercie Shafton in *The Monastery*. *Sporting Kyd*, Thomas Kyd (1557 ?-1595 ?), a writer of bombastic tragedies in blank verse, very popular in their day, but long since forgotten. *Marlowe's mighty line*, Christopher Marlowe was killed in a tavern brawl at the age of thirty. Jonson's phrase exactly expresses the quality of his genius; in passages and single lines he comes nearer to the grand manner of Shakespeare than any of the other Elizabethan dramatists. *Pacuvius* and *Accius*, were ancient Roman tragedians, highly praised by Cicero and Horace. The former was born about 220 B.C., the latter about 170 B.C. *Him of Cordova dead*, Seneca. *Buskin*, socks, tragedy, comedy; the *soccus* (ἐμβάδρην) was the flat shoe worn by the Greek comic actors, as opposed to the *cothurnus* (κόθουρος), the high-heeled shoe, or buskin, of tragedy.

- „ 27. Sir Philip Sidney was killed in the famous battle of Zutphen, in Holland, fought between the English and Spaniards, October 1st, 1586, in which Lord Willoughby and John Norris also distinguished themselves. See Motley's *History of the United Netherlands*, ii, 41-51.

- No. 31. *Tells his tale*, counts his flock. *Rebeck*, a primitive form of violin.
- „ 33. *The Northern Waggoner*, the constellation known as Charles's Wain, or more commonly now as the Great Bear. *The Steadfast Star*, the Pole-star.
- „ 37. *Vaward*, vanguard or forepart.
- „ 41. Under the guise of a ballad to an imaginary mistress, Montrose, in these stanzas, signifies his preference for a monarchy over any other form of government. At the beginning of his career the Marquis of Montrose was an active member of the Scottish Covenant, but on finding its views more extreme than he had supposed, he transferred his allegiance to the King. In 1644-5 he conducted a brilliant campaign in Scotland, during which he defeated the rebels in six pitched battles. In 1646, however, having been worsted by Leslie at Philiphaugh, he was forced to lay down his arms and leave the kingdom. After the execution of the King he took the field again in Scotland, but only to be defeated again, to be taken a prisoner to Edinburgh, and to be hanged in the High Street with every circumstance of indignity, May 21st, 1650. Such of my readers as may wish to know more of this celebrated man may easily gratify their curiosity. His biography was written during his lifetime, in Latin, by his chaplain, George Wishart, and has been twice translated into English. Much may be learned of him in Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion*, and in Mr. Gardiner's *History of England and History of the Civil War*. Mark Napier, a descendant of Montrose's brother-in-law, Lord Napier of Merchistoun, wrote two biographies of him, and a third work, *Montrose and the Covenanters*. Perhaps I may be permitted without offence to add to the list my own little volume (*Montrose*, "English Men of Action,") which has at any rate the merit of being the shortest of them all.
- „ 42. Elizabeth, wife of the Elector Palatine Frederick

of Bohemia, was the sister of Charles the First and mother of Prince Rupert. She was a brave, beautiful and accomplished woman, popularly known as the Queen of Hearts.

- No. 44. *Crowdy-mutton*, a cant name for a fiddler. *The dealing of the ox*, the distribution of an ox roasted whole, which was a general feature of festivities in those days.
- „ 45. *Him that left half told*, Chaucer.
- „ 46. See the notes to this ballad in Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.
- „ 47. *Aik*, oak. *Busk my head*, dress my hair. *Cramasie*, crimson.
- „ 48. These pretty stanzas are part of a poem addressed to T. Warre, author of *The Touchstone of Truth*.
- „ 53. *Æolian lyre*; the Greeks ascribed the origin of their lyrical poetry to the colonies of Æolis in Asia Minor. *Nature's darling*, Shakespeare. *Nor second he*, Milton. *Theban eagle*, Pindar.
- „ 56. *Swedish Charles*, Charles the Twelfth, King of Sweden. After a life passed in war, he was killed in his thirty-sixth year, while besieging Friederichshall, a small town in Norway, 1718. In 1709 he invaded Russia, but was disastrously defeated at Pultowa (Poltava), the capital of the Government of that name in Little Russia. The poem is a paraphrase of the famous tenth satire of Juvenal.
- „ 58. *Zimri*, George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. He did not die, as Pope says, "in the worst inn's worst room," but in a farmhouse at Kirby-Moorside, on his estate of Helmsley, now Duncombe Park, the seat of the Earls of Feversham. *Absalom and Achitophel* is a satire against the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was then (November, 1681) in the Tower on a charge of high treason. *Absalom* is the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, the King's natural son, who had been banished by his father for plotting against the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, and was conse-

- quently regarded by discontented people as the champion of the Protestant cause.
- No. 64. *Atticus*, intended for Joseph Addison, against whom Pope had conceived a grudge for some offence, real or imaginary, in connection with his translation of the *Iliad*. See Mr. Courthope's *Life of Pope*, 158-62.
- „ 65. *Dennis*, John Dennis, a well-known critic of those days, very poor, rather ill-tempered, but not so stupid as Pope always wished to make him out. *Stood*, withstood.
- „ 66. *Retaliation* was written in good-natured revenge for the banter, not always so good-natured, that Goldsmith had long endured from Garrick and others of his companions and associates at Johnson's famous club. He died before the poem was completed, and it is said that the lines on Reynolds were the last he ever wrote. See Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, ch. xix.
- „ 67. This ode is founded on a tradition, long current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he conquered that country, ordered all the bards who fell into his hands to be put to death. *Dreary Arvon's shore*, the shore of Carnarvonshire opposite the island of Anglesey. *The shrieks of death*, an allusion to the murder of Edward the Second in Berkeley Castle, January 25th, 1327, with the connivance of his wife Isabella, daughter of the King of France. *Towers of Julius*, the Tower of London, the oldest part of which was fabled to have been built by Julius Cæsar. *His consort's faith*, Margaret of Anjou, the brave wife of Henry the Sixth, *the meek usurper*, so called because the House of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown. *A form divine*, Queen Elizabeth. *Taliessin*, the most famous of Welsh bards, flourished in the sixth century.
- „ 68. Thomas Chatterton, a native of Bristol, is chiefly remembered for his forgeries of manuscripts which he ascribed to various Bristol worthies of the fifteenth century, and professed to have discovered in the muniment room of the church

of St. Mary Redcliffe in that city. He died by his own hand in London, August 25th, 1770, in his eighteenth year. The tragedy of *Ælla*, from which this poem is taken, is one of the forgeries, but the spelling and language have been restored to the style of the eighteenth century, in which there is every reason to believe Chatterton first wrote his compositions before giving them the antique gloss. The best edition of his works was published in the Aldine Edition of the British Poets in 1875.

- No. 70. The original Welsh of this poem was composed in honour of the defeat by Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, of the combined fleets of Iceland, Denmark, and Norway, off the coast of Anglesey in 1157. *Gwyneth*, North Wales. *Eirin*, Iceland. *Lochlin*, Denmark.
- „ 77. *Great Faustus*, an allusion to one of the innumerable burlesques, or pantomimes, which were made out of Marlowe's *Tragical History of Dr. Faustus* through the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries; probably to *The Necromancer, or the History of Doctor Faustus*, produced by Rich at Drury Lane on December 23rd, 1723. *New Behns, new Durfey's*, Mrs. Aphra Behn and Thomas D'Urfey, miscellaneous writers in the latter part of the seventeenth century, chiefly remarkable for their indecency. *Hunt, Mahomet*, a noted boxer and a rope-dancer of Johnson's time.
- „ 78. *The Royal George*, of 108 guns, was considered the finest ship in the British Navy, and Kempenfeldt (a Swede by birth) one of the best of our officers. She was lost off Spithead on August 29th, 1782; while keeled over to repair a pipe, a sudden gust of wind threw her upon her side, and her gun-ports being open, she almost instantly filled and went down. The ship, having just come into port, was full of visitors at the time, of women and children especially; and it is computed that, including officers and crew, nearly a thousand persons

were drowned. See Mahon's *History of England*, vii, 186-7.

- No. 79. Miss Jean Elliot was the daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland and ancestor of the présent Earl of Minto. The poem is founded on a few fragments of an old ballad commemorating the battle of Flodden, in which the inhabitants of that part of Selkirkshire known as the Forest suffered severely. It is not known that Miss Elliot wrote anything else. *Loaming*, a milking-place, or a green lane. *Buchts*, pens for sheep or cattle. *Scorning*, making fun. *Dowie*, dreary. *Daffin' and gabbin'*, joking and chatting. *Leglin*, milk-pail. *Hairst*, harvest. *Shearing*, reaping. *Bandsters*, sheaf-binders. *Lyart*, grizzled. *Runkled*, wrinkled. *Fleeching*, coaxing. *Gloaming*, twilight. *Swankies*, strapping young fellows. *Bogle*, ghost; an allusion to an old Scottish custom on All Hallows Eve, October 31st; see Burns's poem of *Halloween*. *Dool*, sorrow.
- „ 82. Bannockburn, near Stirling, where the English under Edward the Second were utterly routed by the Scotch under Robert Bruce, June 24th, 1314. See Tytler's *History of Scotland*, i, 260-77. A spirited description of the battle will be found in Sir Walter Scott's *Lord of the Isles*.
- „ 83. Lochaber (the confluence of the lakes), a district in the west of Inverness-shire, near the borders of Argyllshire, was the home of the Cameron Clan.
- „ 85. Henry, Lord Clifford, the subject of this poem, was the son of John, Lord Clifford, an active supporter of the House of Lancaster, who, after the battle of Wakefield, slew the young Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, and was himself killed at the battle of Towton, March 29th, 1461. Henry was deprived of his estate and honours by Edward the Fourth, and not restored to them till the accession of Henry the Seventh. During those twenty-four years he

lived the life of a shepherd in Yorkshire or in Cumberland, the home of his father-in-law, Sir Lancelot Threlkeld. See Wordsworth's notes to the poem.

- No. 86. This poem, or, more properly, fragment of a poem, is said by Coleridge to have been composed in his sleep after reading a story in Purchas's *Pilgrimage*.
- „ 87. *Brent*, smooth. *Beld*, bald. *Canty*, lively, jolly.
- „ 96. *Blate*, ashamed. *Snool*, to cringe.
- „ 97. *The Ettrick Shepherd*, James Hogg, a Scottish poet of humble birth and life (1782-1835). *The Border Minstrel*, Sir Walter Scott. *For her who*, Mrs. Hemans (1794-1835).
- „ 100. *Capote*, a hooded cloak.
- „ 105. The battle of Harlaw, a village on the Urie in Aberdeenshire, was fought on July 24th, 1411, between Donald, Lord of the Isles, at the head of a large force of Highlanders and Islesmen, and Alexander, Earl of Mar, at the head of the northern nobility and gentry of Saxon and Norman descent. See a note to *The Antiquary*, from which novel the ballad is taken. *Carle*, man. *Kennachie*, a ridge of hills overlooking the valleys of the Don and Urie. *Chafron* (chanfron), a steel covering for the head of a war-horse, armed with a sharp spike. *Brank-ing down the brae*, marching down the hill. *Glaives*, broadswords. *Kerne*, a foot-soldier, generally used contemptuously as of an undisciplined rabble opposed to mounted knights.
- „ 106. *Horsetails*, a horse's tail fixed on a lance was the Pasha's standard, which was set up before his tent. *Skirr*, scour, gallop over. *Janizar*, janissary, a soldier of the Turkish foot-guards. *Coumourgi*, Ali Coumourgi, better known in history as Damad Pasha, a famous Turkish general who was killed at the battle of Carlowitz, where the Turks were defeated by the Austrians in 1716. The siege of Corinth commemorated in this poem took place in 1715.

- No. 107. The battle of Copenhagen was fought on April 2nd, 1801. See Professor Laughton's *Nelson* ("English Men of Action"), ch. viii.
- „ 108. The battle of Flodden was fought on September 9th, 1513. The Scotch lost nearly ten thousand men, including their king, James the Fourth, and many of his chief nobles; the English, who were commanded by the Earl of Surrey, lost about five hundred. See Tytler's *History of Scotland*, v, 58-68. *Bent*, rough grass, but here used for the hill on which it grew. Flodden Hill is an outlying spur of the Cheviots; the battle was fought close to where the village of Branxton now stands, on the left bank of the Till, some three miles south of Coldstream on the English border.
- „ 109. Hohenlinden is a village in Bavaria near which, on December 3rd, 1800, the French, under Moreau, defeated the Austrians commanded by the Archduke John. Campbell witnessed the battle from the top of a neighbouring monastery. See Alison's *History of Europe*, vii, 285-91.
- „ 111. Sir John Moore was killed in the moment of victory, while covering the embarkation of his troops at Corunna, January 16th, 1809, at the conclusion of a disastrous retreat before a vastly superior French force. A monument was erected over his grave by Ney, bearing the inscription, *John Moore leader of the English armies, slain in battle, 1809*. See Alison's *History of Europe*, xii, 172-97; also Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*, i, 513-30.
- „ 112. As a matter of historical fact, the first white man to "stare at the Pacific" was Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, September 26th, 1513, many years before Cortez saw its waters, who moreover never in his life saw them from the Isthmus of Darien. See Help's *Spanish Conquest in America*, i, 338-63, one of the most delightful books in our language.
- „ 118. "The Wednesday before last Shelley, Hunt, and I wrote each a sonnet on the River Nile;

some day you shall read them all." *Letters of John Keats*, edited by Mr. Sidney Colvin, p. 72. For once in his life Hunt showed himself a better poet than his two friends. *The laughing queen*, Cleopatra.

- No. 121. See *Quentin Durward*, ch. iv.
 „ 124. *Inch*, island.
 „ 128. See *Waverley*, ch. xxii.
 „ 129. *Lochiel*, Donald, son of Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel, who fought for James under Dundee at Killiecrankie, and at the time of Culloden was living, old, poor, and an exile, in France. The son was worthy of the father, and it was well known in the Highlands that not a chief would have joined Prince Charles had he not led the way.
 „ 133. Written after the battles of Jena and Auerstadt, October 14th, 1806, which annihilated the power of Prussia for several years. Napoleon entered Berlin in triumph, and on November 20th issued his famous decree against the commerce of England, declaring the British Islands to be in a state of blockade, and ordering all Englishmen found in countries occupied by French troops to be treated as prisoners of war.
 „ 134. "The air of 'Bonnie Dundee' running in my head to-day, I wrote a few verses to it before dinner, taking the key-note from the story of Clavers leaving the Scottish Convention of Estates in 1688-9. I wonder if they are good." Sir Walter Scott's *Journal*, December 22nd, 1825; see Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, viii, 168-9. The ballad was printed in the play of *The Doom of Devergoil*, in a note to which will be found the story to which Scott alludes, taken from Dalrymple's *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland*. John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee (1643-89), was a cadet of the House of Graham, of which the Marquis of Montrose was the head. He commenced his military career under the famous

French General Turenne, but afterwards transferred his allegiance to the Dutch, fought under William of Orange, and saved his life at the battle of Seneffe. In consequence of a quarrel with William, he returned to Scotland and took service under Charles the Second. After James's flight in 1688, he maintained his cause in Scotland with extraordinary vigour and capacity, till, in the Pass of Killiecrankie near Blair Athol, July 27th, 1689, at the head of some two thousand Highlanders, he utterly defeated an English force nearly twice as strong, and fell in the moment of victory. See No. 172. The estimate of his character will always vary according to the political faith of his critics; but the truth may be said to rest about midway between the *sinner* of the Whigs and the *saint* of the Jacobites. I will again venture, for the reasons given before, to refer my readers, if they feel any curiosity on the subject, to my own little volume on *Claverhouse* (Longman's "English Worthies," 1887).

No. 138. *Brede*, braid, ornament carved or worked in relief.

„ 144. *Gill*, the rose.

„ 146. *Galliard*, an old French dance to a lively tune, imported into England in the sixteenth century.

„ 151. *Correi*, the hollows of the hills where the game usually lies. *Cumber*, trouble, difficulty.

„ 152. See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, x, 104-6.

„ 153. On the morning of April 9th, 1814, Byron wrote to Moore: "No more rhyme for—or rather *from* me. I have taken my leave of that stage, and henceforward will mountebank it no longer. I have had my day, and there's an end." In the evening a Gazette Extraordinary announced Napoleon's abdication, and on the next morning Byron wrote this ode, which was immediately published, though without his name. In his diary for April 10th, he notes: "To-day I have boxed one hour—written an ode to Napoleon Buonaparte—copied it—eaten

six biscuits—drunk four bottles of soda-water—redde away the rest of my time.” *He who of old would rend the oak*, Milo, a famous athlete of Crotona in Italy, who, according to Herodotus, lived about five hundred years before the Christian Era. *The Roman*, Sylla. *The Spaniard*, Charles the Fifth.

- No. 155. *That famed Picard field*, the battle of Cressy, August 26th, 1346, where the English under Edward the Third defeated more than twice their number of French under Philip the Sixth. The old blind King of Bohemia, his son the King of the Romans, and a large force of Genoese bowmen under Count Doria, fought on the side of France. The King of Bohemia was killed, and his crest (three ostrich-feathers, with the motto “*Ich dien*, I serve”) was adopted by the Black Prince, and has ever since been worn by the Princes of Wales.
- „ 157. In 1843 Sir Charles Napier defeated the Ameers of Scinde in two pitched battles, fought against tremendous odds, at Meanee and Hyderabad. See *Sir Charles Napier* (“English Men of Action”), by Major-General Sir William Butler. *Truckee*, a stronghold in the desert, supposed to be impregnable. *Secunder*, Alexander the Great.
- „ 170. This ballad was first printed in a collection of Macaulay’s miscellaneous writings made in 1860, the year after his death. It was composed, however, so long ago as 1839 (the year of his return from India) during a passage across the Channel. The weather was as dirty as that described in the first stanza, and Macaulay, a first-rate sailor, was, with his usual good-nature, below with his companion, who was not equally careless of weather. After a time he went up for a spell on deck, but soon returning, repeated to his friend this ballad which he had composed in the interval. I am indebted for this information to the courtesy of a member of Macaulay’s family.

- No. 172. *Him whom butchers murdered*, James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, who was murdered by a party of Covenanters in the presence of his daughter, May 3rd, 1679.
- „ 174. The allusions in this poem refer to various incidents in the history of the Netherlands, and especially of the cities of Ghent and Bruges, during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. See the Introduction to Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, and *The Chronicles of Froissart* (Globe Edition).
- „ 178. *Pope Calixtus' day*, the battle of Hastings, or Senlac, was fought on October 14th, 1066. *Stound*, confusion. *Erne*, a kite. *Glede*, a hawk. It is said that William ordered the body of Harold to be buried on the sea-shore; this may have been done, but it was subsequently laid under the high altar of Waltham Abbey, where some remains of the tomb were seen by Fuller when he was writing his history of the abbey in 1665. It is not certainly known who Edith Swan-neck was, but there is no doubt that she was a real person; and the tradition on which this poem is founded rests on as good a base as most traditions.
- „ 180. "Of the six peers thus condemned [after the Scotch Rebellion of 1715] one, Lord Nairn, is said to have been saved solely by the interposition of Stanhope. They had been at Eton together, and though they had scarcely met since that time, yet the minister still retained so much friendship for his former schoolfellow as earnestly to plead for his life; and finding his request refused by the other members of the Cabinet, he made his own resignation the alternative, and thus prevailed." Mahon's *History of England*, i, 194. The six peers were the Earls of Derwentwater, Nithisdale, and Carnwath, Viscount Kenmure, and Lords Nairn and Widdrington. Of these Carnwath and Widdrington were reprieved with Nairn; Nithisdale escaped in his wife's clothes on the evening of

- February 23rd, 1716 ; Derwentwater and Ken-
mure were beheaded the next day. *Dilstone's*
weird moat ; the waters of the moat at Dilstone
Castle in Northumberland, the chief seat of the
Derwentwaters, are said to have turned red as
blood on the morning of the execution.
- No. 181. The battle of Culloden was fought, April 16th,
1746, on a plain called Drummossie Moor,
about six miles from Inverness. The Duke of
Cumberland's victory finally extinguished the
hopes of the Stuarts and their adherents. See
the introduction to this poem in Aytoun's *Lays*
of the Scottish Cavaliers. A very spirited
account of the battle will be found in *Wolfe*
("English Men of Action"), by Mr. A. G.
Bradley.
- „ 184. "There is no sort of historical foundation for
this poem. I wrote it under the bulwark of a
vessel off the African coast, after I had been at
sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of
a gallop on the back of a certain good horse,
York, then in my stable at home." *Extract*
from a letter written to me by Mr. Browning in
1882.
- „ 185. The Isle of Avès (Isle of Birds) is really a small
group of islands, almost surrounded by a dan-
gerous reef, a few leagues south-east of Curaçoa,
off the coast of Venezuela. They are for the
most part sandy and sterile, and can never at
any time have been a pleasant habitation even
for buccaneers, who, however, did occasionally
careen their ships here, as there is good anchor-
age inside the reef. See Dampier's *Voyages*
(edit. 1729), i, 49-51.
- „ 187. Omar Khayyam (Omar the Tent-maker) was
born at Naishapoor, in Persia, in the latter half
of our eleventh, and died there within the first
quarter of our twelfth century. Two literal
prose translations of the Rubaiyat, as the poem
is called, have been published within recent
years, from which it would appear that Mr.
FitzGerald's beautiful paraphrase gives Omar

credit for more poetical feeling than is to be found in the original Persian.

No. 189. A song from *The Water-Babies*.

„ 190. See also another poem by Matthew Arnold, *Geist's Grave*.

„ 195. A song from *The Water-Babies*.

„ 196. Jean-Pierre de Beranger, a favourite poet and song-writer of the French people, was born in Paris, August 19th, 1780, and died there July 17th, 1857. He was a keen Republican, and his songs are considered to have contributed not a little to the downfall of the Bourbon monarchy in 1830.

„ 200. Addressed to Kingsley's niece, Charlotte Grenfell, afterwards Mrs. Theodore Walrond.

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